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MODERN STANDARD DRAMA.

EDITED BY F. C. WEMYSS.

INGOMAR,

THE BARBARIAN.

A Play,

IN FIVE ACTS.

Translated from the German, and adapted to the English Stage,

BY MARIA LOVELL.

WITH THE STAGE BUSINESS, CAST OF CHARACTERS,
COSTUMES, RELATIVE POSITIONS, ETC.

NEW-YORK:

WM. TAYLOR & CO.

(S. FRENCH, GENERAL AGENT,)

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No. LXXXIX.

MODERN STANDARD DRAMA.

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I N G O M A R,

T H E B A R B A R I A N:

A Play,

I N F I V E A C T S.

Translated from the German, and adapted to the English Stage,

B Y M A R I A L O V E L L.



NEW YORK:

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CAST OF CHARACTERS.

		<i>Drury Lane.</i>	<i>Bowery, N. Y.</i>
<i>The Timarch of Massilia</i> . . .		Mr. Neville,	Mr. Glenn.
<i>Polydor, a Merchant,</i>	} <i>Citizens of</i>	Mr. J. W. Ray,	Mr. Griffiths.
<i>Myron, an Armorer,</i>		Mr. Cooper,	Mr. Stevens.
<i>Neocles,</i>		Mr. Abbott,	Mr. Collins.
<i>Amyntas,</i>		Mr. S. Jones,	Mr. Browne.
<i>Elphenor,</i>		Mr. G. Watson,	Mr. Gouldson.
<i>Lykon, a Fisherman,</i>			Mr. Bowes.
<i>Ingomar, leader of a band of Alemanni,</i>		Mr. Anderson,	Mr. Eddy.
<i>Alastor.</i>		Mr. C. Clarke,	Mr. Hamilton.
<i>Trinobantes,</i>	} <i>Alemanni,</i>	Mr. Ennis,	Mr. Reed.
<i>Ambivar,</i>		Mr. H. Mellon,	Mr. Leffingwell.
<i>Novio,</i>		Mr. Beckett,	Mr. Moore.
<i>Samo,</i>		Mr. Manley,	Mr. C. Browne.
<i>Herald.</i>			Mr. Lowe.
<i>Actea, Myron's Wife</i>		Mrs. Weston.	Mrs. Jordan.
<i>Parthenia, her Daughter</i>		Miss Vandenhoff,	Mrs. A. Parker.
<i>Theano, a Neighbor</i>		Mrs. Barrett,	Mrs. Yeomans.
<i>Fisherman's Wife</i>			Mrs. Needham.

Citizens, Alemanni, Guards, Fishermen.

COSTUMES.

THE TIMARCH OF MASSILIA.—A long blue shirt, trimmed with brown; puce toga, trimmed with scarlet; fleshings and sandals; Phrygian cap.

POLYDOR.—Long russet-colored shirt, scarlet and brown border; gray toga, trimmed with black and scarlet; fleshings and sandals.

MYRON.—Grey shirt with black border; fleshings and sandals.

NEOCLES.—Blue shirt, black Grecian border; fleshings and sandals.

AMYNTAS.—Gray shirt, black Grecian border; fleshings and sandals.

ELPHENOR.—Brown shirt, black Grecian border; fleshings and sandals.

LYKON.—Brown and amber striped shirt; fleshings and sandals.

INGOMAR.—Leather breast-plate, with copper bosses; brown loose shirt; wolf's skin, hung to back; helmet; shield; spear; fleshings and sandals. *Second dress:* Plain marone shirt.

ALASTOR, TRINOBANTES, AMBIVAR, NOVIO, SAMO,	}	Similar dresses to those of Ingomar, of various colors.
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PARTHENIA.—White Merino dress, with Grecian trimming; amber Grecian drapery and trimming. *Second dress:* White drapery.

ACTEA.—Brown dress and drapery.

THEANO.—Gray dress and boddice; plain head-dress.

HERALD.—Amber shirt; breast-plate; and scarlet robe.

R E M A R K S .

THIS Play is a translation from the German, by Mrs. Lovell, who has completed her task in so excellent a manner, that to her exertions in the cause of Dramatic Literature, the English Stage is indebted for a Play, which, like "*Richelieu*" and "*The Lady of Lyons*," will become a stock favorite—the oftener seen, the more attractive.

The parts of *Ingomar* and *Parthenia*, the hero and heroine, are worthy the talent of a Forrest and a Cushman, in whose hands they would prove an attraction which no true lover of the Drama could resist. The story throughout is beautifully told, and interesting to the last moment. The filial piety of the Greek maiden is placed before the audience in a most striking manner; even love—the strongest and most irresistible passion of the human heart—is made to yield to duty; and when appealed to by her Barbarian lover—whose savage spirit she has at once tamed and subdued—who, in a tone of mental agony, exclaims, "Oh, Parthenia, wilt thou leave me?" her simple, touching answer, is, "My parents wait their child!" He at once resolves to be her guide—and, when arrived in sight of Masselia, her home, (from whence she strayed, to offer herself a sacrifice as the ransom of an aged father,) in the transport of her joy, the sudden thought recurs, that—

"Here we part!"

But not so: he goes with her to the city—resolves for her sake to become a Greek—abandons even the dress of his favorite band of

Allemani—yields up his sword for the handle of the plough—and doubly earns his bride; spurns indignantly the offer to betray his countrymen, but makes them at once the friends and allies of the Grecks—redeems his bride from slavery, by the sacrifice of his own liberty—and, when finally rewarded by the Gods for all his sufferings, he finishes—

“To love I owe this bliss.”

Parthenia replies—

“To love and honor.”

Then are they for ever joined—

“Two souls, with but a single thought—
Two hearts, that beat as one.”

The language, poetry, and dramatic action of this Play, have not been excelled, if equalled, in the history of the Modern Drama, and will well repay the reader for perusal. It was produced simultaneously in New-York, on the evening of the 1st of December, 1851, at the Bowery and the Broadway Theatres, and was triumphantly successful at both.

F. C. W.

INGOMAR.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Massilia, the Market-place, in front of an Archway which crosses the back of the stage.—In the foreground, on the right, Myron's and another house; a spinning-wheel and basket in front of Myron's house.—Opposite to it the house of Polydor.*

Enter ACTEA, from the House, R.

Act. The sun is nearly set—the city gates
Will quickly close, yet Myron comes not home:
Parthenia, too—wild girl! freed from her task,
Flies like a bird unfettered from her cage.
Parthenia! daughter! child!

Enter PARTHENIA, R. U. E.

Well, mother dear!

Act. Ah! truant, see, here lies thy work undone,
And evening near.

Par. I've spun enough to-day;
And yonder are our neighbors gathering olives—
I'll help them.

[Going.]

Act. No! thou shalt remain with me;
And listen, wild one;—thou hast long enough
Wasted the hours in trifling children's play,—
'Tis time to end it;—so now sit thee down,
And, if thou canst, be serious for once.

Par. Yes, mother dear—I hear.

[She seats herself listlessly at the wheel.]

Act. Bethink thee, child,

This Polydor is rich—a man in years,
'Tis true, but rich—a widower, indeed,
But much respected, and of quality;
He asks thy hand—dost listen?

Par. (Starting.) Yes, oh yes.

Act. Ah, so thou always say'st; yet I may speak.
Talk by the hour, while all thy busy thoughts
Wander thro' fields and woods, as thou thyself,
Chasing the butterflies; but now 'tis time,
Though with spring blood, to think of coming autumn,—
'Tis time to think of marriage; yet already
Thou hast rejected Medon.

Par. (Coming forward.) Oh! he was old,
Grey-headed, gouty, coarse—

Act. Evander then

Par. Evander! Yes, he had a fox's cunning,
With a hyæna's heart, and monkey's form.

Act. Mad, foolish girl! go, trample down thy fortune,
Until repentance comes too late! Thou think'st
Thyself unequalled, doubtless; lovely, rich.

Par. Young am I, mother; joyous, happy, too.

[Embracing her.]

And you, you love me! what can I wish more?
Yes, you do love me!

Act. Love thee—ah! and well
Dost thou deserve our love!
Why do I fold thee thus within my arms?
We love thee, but thou lovest us not.

Par. Not love thee, mother?

Act. No! or as our will
So would thine own be—thou wouldst let us choose
Thy husband,

Par. No, dear mother. no—not him.

Act. What dost thou hope for, then? Perhaps thou think'st
~~The man in the moon would be thy fitting spouse:~~
What waitest thou for, I say?

Par. I'll tell thee, mother.—I was but a child,
And yet I marked it well; you sang to me
Of Hero and Leander, and their love;
And when I asked thee, wond'ring, what love was,
Then, with uplifted hands and laughing eyes,

Thou told'st me how, into the lonely heart
 Love sudden comes unsought, then grows and grows,
 Feeble at first, like dawn before the sun,
 Till, bursting every bond, it breaks at last
 Upon the startled soul with hope and joy,
 While every bounding pulse cries 'that is he
 Who carries in his breast my heart, my soul :
 With him, oh may I live, and with him die !'
 So, when old Medon and Evander came
 To woo, I laid my hand upon my heart,
 And listened, listened, but no ! all was still,
 All silent ; no response, no voice ; and so
 I'm waiting, mother, till my heart shall speak !

Act. [Aside.] Good gods ! 'tis thus we let our old
 Tongues prattle.

While young ears listen. [*Aloud.*] So, ~~thou foolish child,~~
~~'Tis that thou waitest for—~~thy heart must speak !
 I prattled nonsense, a child's tale, a dream !
 I tell thee, there's no second will come to thee
 Like Polydor, so rich, so honorable.

Par. Honorable !

Beats down my needy father in his wares,
 Higgles and bargains

Act. That thou understandest not.
 He is a careful and a saving merchant :
 Think, think, my child—say yes—for my sake, do ;
 Say yes, my child.

Par. Hold, mother—I will wander never more
 Through woods and fields ; like other girls, will spin,—
 Will work, will read thy wishes in thine eyes ;
 But him, that Polydor, I cannot, will not—
 No, never—never !

Act. Never ?

Par. Thou art angry !

Act. Away ! have I not cause enough for anger ?
 Thy parents now grow old, and long for rest ;
 Thy father, a poor armorer, in the fields,
 Labors and toils all day ;
 Then must he hammer at the forge by night ;
 And when the tillage rests, that cannot he,
 But sets out, heavily laden, as now, with arms,

To offer them for sale in neighboring villages.

Par. Poor father !

Act. Poor, poor, indeed ! Then I remain at home,
'Tis true—yet go I forth in thought, and carry
With him the burden of the goods : with him I pant
Up the rough mountain's slippery path, and feel
The pelting storms which soak his weary limbs,
And think, that even now, in the dark valley
The wild Allobrogi or fierce Allemanni
Attack him, rob him, murder him, perhaps !

Par. Oh, mother, mother !

Act. So must I weep, and weep. But thou—
Thou whom he loves, for whom he e'en would die—
For whom he risks his blood, his limbs, his life—
Thou, thou might'st spare him from all weariness,
Might'st dry my tears, make happy our old age,
Be so thyself. But no ! thou canst, yet wilt not.
Go, go, thou selfish and ungrateful child.

[*Exit into house, R.*]

Par. [*After a pause.*] Ungrateful ! no, ye gods, that am
I not.

Ungrateful to my father !—No ! and yet
For me does the rough storm beat on his head ;
For me he staggers 'neath his heavy loads,
And totters, panting up the mountain sides.
Yes, yes,—I'll show my mother she is wrong ;
It shall not be. But yet, what would I do ?
Unite myself to age, to avarice ?

That is to die ! to die—'twere better far !
But yet it must be so—farewell, sweet dreams ! [*Pauses.*]
And once the future lay so bright before me :
There shone the scarce-formed hope, the mystic joy—

[*Suddenly.*]

Let all be fancy—love be but a dream ;—
All is a fable that adorns our life,
And but the passing day alone is real !
Well, be it so. Parthenia wakes to duty !
And now, sweet visions of my youth, farewell.
My father now, shall labor hard no more—
Shall rest. Ah ! who comes here ? 'tis Pelydor !
I'll fly—yet no ! I will remain : if my happiness

Must be put up for sale, then let the price
Be well secured for which I barter it.
What looks he? pride, ill-temper, avarice—
And I his wife! It makes my heart grow cold.

[She approaches her spinning-wheel, at which she sits to work.]

Enter POLYDOR, L.

Pol. [Soliloquising.] This will not do, the slave impoverishes me;

There is no doing without a wife—it must be.

Par. [Aside.] Does he not look as tho' he had the weight
Of the world upon his thoughts? and yet, I wager
He only thinks on pigs and geese.

Pol. Nothing replaces Kallinike to me:
She was a true heart—she could work, could save!
But then the armorer's daughter—could she?
Ah, she is there herself! she's young, she's pretty,
So—yes—no—well, so be it.

[Approaching and addressing Parthenia.]

Good day, fair maid. Good day!

Par. Say, rather, evening, when the sun is sinking.

Pol. Can it be evening while thy bright eyes shine?

Par. Away, sir, with fine words—we will speak plainly.
They tell me you propose to marry me.

Pol. Ah! that is plain—that's coming to the point;
Alas! her fond impatience cannot wait.
Yes, yes, such is my thought.

Par. My mother told me so,—and yet I wonder
Thy choice should fall on me; how soon, it seems,
You have forgotten Killinike!

Pol. Forgotten? No, indeed; a man like me
Forgets not gold, nor goods, nor the worth of goods;
And that was she to me; yet weighty reasons
Press on me a new choice, my children—

Par. Ay, poor orphans!

Pol. Poor they are not: they are troublesome,
Gluttonous pigs, wild, rude, unruly boys.
Shall I, at great expense, hire a schoolmaster
From Samos or Miletus? Gentleness
Best rules rough strength. and thou indeed art gentle.

Par. Gentle! oh yes, as gentle as a lamb
Led to the sacrifice.

Pol. Besides, I am often far from home—my business
Now calls me to the market, now to the harbor;
And shall a slave meanwhile keep house for me,
And farm, and warehouse? guard my well-filled coffers?
That only can a wife, only a true wife.
And then, too, I grow old, am often sick;
And who would tend me then? make ready for me
The warm room, and prepare my drink and physick?
Ah! only a fond wife.

Par. Oh, my poor heart!

Pol. 'Tis thou shalt be that wife, and thou shalt make
Strong, young again; thy love, my pretty rosebud——

Par. Away—and listen now to me:
Thou know'st my father tills the fields by day,
And at the anvil works by night, and then
Upon his shoulders carries to a distance
His wares for sale; that he is now in years,
And wants repose:—say then, when I am thine—
Say, wilt thou think of my poor father?

Pol. Ay, certainly I will—how could I otherwise?
Yes, yes, I will—I will think of thy father.

Par. And do; what wilt thou do for him?

Pol. Oh, he shall be advanced, for he will be
My father-in-law, the father-in-law of Polydor,
Of the rich Polydor; and from the gods
My lineage springs:
Think what an honor; from the gods, my child.

Par. But honor gives not food—what wilt thou do?

Pol. Well, in the first place, buy, as hitherto,
His wares at a good price.

Par. At a good price!—That is, good for thyself.
Well, and what more?

Pol. What more! Why, then again, then will I—
Observe me now, and bear in mind, girl—know
I will take thee without dowry—yes, entirely
Without a dowry; true as thou'rt alive.
I'll take thee—ay, without a drachma!

Par. But what do for my father?

Pol. Is not that

To do? and plenty too, I think.

Par. No more?

Pol. No more! almost too much.

Par. By all the gods, yes, it is quite too much;
And so, good evening. [*Going.*]

Pol. No, stay—thou shalt not go without an answer.

Par. An answer thou shalt have, and mark it well—
Procure your children, sir, a schoolmaster
At any price, and whence you please; a slave
To guard your house, attend to bolts and bars;
Shouldst thou fall sick, there, at the corner yonder,
Go, bid the huckster sell thee wholesome herbs;
Mix for thyself thy medicine and thy drink.
But know, for me there grows no bitterer herb
On earth than sight of thee! Now, mark it well—
This is my answer—thou poor, heartless miser.
So fare thee well, descendant of the gods!

[*Exit into house.*]

Pol. [*Standing looking after her for a time.*] What's
that? did I hear right? she turns me out?

Me, the rich Polydor! The armorer's child
Scorns me, the rich descendant of the gods,
As though I were her father's fellow-workman;
Disdains me! mocks me! There's no bitterer herb
On earth than sight of me! Yes, and it shall
Be bitter to thee, and to others too.
I'll have revenge! What shall I do? I'll take
No more swords of him, I'll buy up the rights
Of all his creditors, summon him to justice;
I will; I'll drive him from his house and home,
Ay, from the city—him and his saucy child.
That will I! Yes; I'll force out his last drachma.
Oh, I will not rest until I've had revenge!

[*While violently agitated he walks up and down.*]

Enter LYKON, L.

Lyk. The road straight on, he said. Ay, here's the market;
Near here must be the house. I'll take my chance.

[*He goes to the next house to Myron's, and knocks.*]

Hillo! come forth, open—I bring bad news:
Shut as you will your ears, misfortune knocks

So loud that you must hear it in the end.

Pol. [*Apart.*] Ah! what does the man want?

Theano. [*Opening the door*] Who calls so loud?

Lyk. Come out and you will hear.

Enter THEANO, from the doorway, R.

The. What do you want, man? speak!

Lyk. You are Myron's wife.

The. The armorer's? I? no, my husband's dead!

Lyk. Then, thank the gods—better death than slavery.

The. Ah! who? what? Myron, dost thou say?

Lyk. Is taken prisoner, seized by the Alemanni.

Pol. [*Aside*] Taken prisoner! seized! Ah! that's good news, indeed.

The. Myron, a prisoner?

Lyk. Yes, I beheld it with these eyes.

The. Ye gods! Myron!

Enter NEOCLES, ELPHENOR, AMYNTAS, and Citizens through archway.

Here come his friends.

Neo. Ah! what alarm is this?

The. Elphenor, Adrastus, here! This man brings news; Myron is prisoner—seized by the Alemanni.

Neo. How! speakest thou true?

Elp. How did it happen? tell me.

Lyk. It was beside the coast; I was preparing
Within the woods a yard to fit my boat,
When came a man along heavily laden:
I stood concealed by a thick bush, and saw him
Lay himself down to rest upon the moss,
When suddenly from out the thicket rings.
Like a wolf's howl, the shout of the Alemanni.

Enter ACTEA, coming down the steps from her house, without observing those present.

Act. There! she has carelessly left the spinning-wheel.
[*Seeing her neighbors.*] Ah! what is this!

Lyk. With that they rushed upon him,
Seized on his goods, and, with rough acts and words,

Demanded who he was; and when he said
 He was an armorer of Masilia,
 They shouted with delight, 'he must with them;
 And with loud cries they drove him, bound along.

Act. An armorer! bound! and driven along? Ah, tell me
 Who was the armorer! speak! who was the man?

Lyk. [After a pause; to the others, with his eyes cast
 down.] Say, is that Myron's wife?

Act. Myron's! ye gods.

Then Myron was it? speak! why stand ye dumb?

No, no, it was not Myron! tell me—quick!

Lyk. [After a pause.] He is taken by the Alemanni.

Act. [Scrieks.] Woe is me!

Neo. ~~She swoons!~~

Elp. ~~She falls to the ground!~~

The. [Supporting her.] ~~Help! help!~~ carry her in;

I will console her. [They carry her into the house.

Amg. Are these barbarians from the mountains?

Lyk. Yes;

The Alemanni, who some three weeks since,
 As well you know, regardless of the treaty,
 Broke from their native fastness in the mountains,
 Destroyed the land, seized upon travelers,
 And drove the cattle from the fields; and these
 Are they who now have taken wretched Myron.

Par. [Rushing from the house.] Where is the man who
 brings this fearful news?

Art thou he? speak! my father—is it true?
 Sawest it thyself?

Lyk. Scarcely ten paces from me

Were the old man and the exulting robbers.

Par. And thou escapest, while he—

Lyk. Within the thicket

I stood alone and ventured not to stir
 Until the band moved off; and then I fled;
 But the old man, perceiving me, called after—
 'Hear me! I am Myron of Massilia,
 The armorer; for the sake of all the gods,
 Go, tell them there, that they may ransom me.'
 Then one of the wild men called, 'If they will,
 They must pay thirty ounces of bright silver:

That is his price.'—Amidst their shouts I fled,
And they with haste bore him towards the Cevennes.

Par. And he a prisoner! No—back, foolish tears!

Clear be mine eyes, and thou, my soul, be steel!

They carried him, thou say'st, to the Cevennes?

And they demand a ransom! House and fields

Are mortgaged—what is to be done? Yet friends

Remain. [*Addressing them severally.*]

Adrastus, you will help us? You,

Amyntas,—you grew up with him; think how

You shared with him the games of childhood,

The cares of age; you'll rescue him—you can.

Oh! speak, kind friends; say yes—lend us the ransom.

Amy. I? thirty ounces? would I had so much
for my own children.

Neo. The sea carries all my wealth,
And who may count on wind and waves?

Pol. Ah ha,

Par. [*To Adrastus.*] Take pity, that the gods may pity you;

[*To Neocles.*] That thy ship may return in safety back,

The yoke of bondage and the weight of poverty

Never oppress thy children—rescue him.

Oh, let my mother's grief, my tears, prevail!

Neo. I cannot help you.

Par. Amyntas—you.

Amy. I cannot.

Par. Oh! friendship, what a fable! my poor father!

Herald. [*Without*] Room, citizens, for the Timarch!

Par. Ah! the Timarch?

He is saved! Massilia will protect her children!

Enter Herald, with a white wand, preceding the Timarch, L.

Her. Room, I say, for the Timarch.

Par. [*Sinking at the feet of the Timarch.*] Rescue! help!

Tim. Speak, maiden: wherefore dost thou ask our help?

Par. Save him! Myron the armorer—my father—

In the mountains—the Alemanni drag him hither;

Oh! rescue him from slavery.

Tim. A citizen

In danger! what wouldst thou have us do?

Par. Let the trumpets sound—the citizens seize their swords ;

And let Massilia's power demand her son !
Rescue their captive prey from the wild robbers,
And give him, free again, to his free home.

Tim. That cannot be, for by an ancient law,
Made in the time Massilia, then scarce founded,
Was struggling for its unsecured existence,
In battle with the inhabitants of the coast,
It was decreed, the care of individuals
Should never compromise the entire state,
But that each man must look to his own safety.
Massilia but protects her citizens
So far as reach the shadow of her walls :
And that has Myron overstepped ; nor can we
To favor him—

Par. To favor ! [*Springing up.*] No—not favor—
'Tis right ! Is not Massilia firmly now
Established ? reaches not her powerful arm
Far, far beyond the shadow of her walls ?
Her free-born son is wronged, and the state with him.
He is imprisoned ; Timarch, set him free !

Tim. I cannot ; were a single stone displaced
In the fabric of justice, the whole house would fall
At once : see to it yourself, I cannot help you.

[*He prepares to depart.*]

Par. [*Sinking at his feet*] Have pity.

Tim. With the gods alone dwells pity ;
On earth dwells justice : and for private right
I cannot do a public wrong. Make way !

Her. Room, room, I say, for the Timarch !

[*Exeunt Timarch, preceded by Herald, &c.*]

Par. (*Calling after them*) Pity—mercy !

Alas ! no ear listens to my complaint ;
All leave me, all forsake me ! O ye gods !

(*She conceals her face in both hands, kneeling.*)

Pol. (*Aside, rubbing his hands*) 'I cannot help you.'
Oh ! I could hug you, you gold worshippers,
For what you said. 'I cannot help you—no.'
Right ! all are gone—all ! And now comes my turn,—
She shall remember it. Ah ha !

Par. (*Raising her head and looking around.*) I will, I must find help; I will to Polydor, Will sacrifice myself to save my father.

Pol. Well, Polydor is not far off; what wouldst thou?

Par. Here in the dust behold me at thy feet.

Pol. Ah! see now, in the dust and at my feet Art ill that thou dost seek so rank a weed?

Par. Forget, forgive,—restore my father to me, I'll be thy wife, will bind myself thy slave.

Pol. Indeed!

Par. Will faithfully take care of house, of home, And goods for thee: will comfort thine old age, And watch over thy children.

Pol. See, now see! And wilt thou do all this? all—really all?

Par. All this, and more; pay but this ransom for him, Restore my father.

Pol. Ah! and thirty ounces, I think you ask? No, no, that is too much: I am a man who follow good advice, So will I yours;—hire tutors for my children, Protect my house with bolts and bars, and then, If I am ill, will buy me medicine, There, at the corner, from the huckster—so I think you said. The advice was good, and now I'll give you mine; rescue thy father Thyself; go, seek him yonder in the mountains; Plead with thy flippant eloquence to move The barbarians there, and try if any one Of them will value it at thirty ounces, And pay thy father's ransom. Ha! ha! ha! Thou hast spurned Polydor, see if they'll outbid him:— And so, good-bye, my thorny rose, good-bye! Now I'm revenged. Aha!

[*Exit L.*]

Par. (*After a pause*) What thought is this that overcomes despair, And fills my swelling heart with inspiration? Oh! fool, that only came to goad my sorrow; It is the gods command thee thus to speak! Away, away! the night comes quickly on. Parthenia, up! thy labor now begins— Away! Ah, my poor mother.—Theano. Theano!

Enter THEANO, from house.

My mother? speak.

The. She has wept herself to sleep

Par. The gods be thanked! Theano, I bequeath
My mother to thy care; I go to the mountains.

The. Now? it grows dark.

Par. All here is clear and bright. Farewell!

The. ~~What meanest thou?~~ ~~not~~ alone?

Par. The gods
Are with me; so, farewell!

The. Parthenia, hear me.

Par. Away, away! [*Rushes off as curtain falls.*]

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*In the Cereannes. A wood, densely arched with trees—where the bushes are less thick is seen a mass of wild rock. In the back-ground, L., a half extinguished fire, several Alemanni, clothed in skins, sleeping in a circle round it; near it, shields, helmets, spears, cups, and pitchers, scattered about—in the back ground some tents of skin.*

In the fore-ground, R., lie AMBIVAR, NOVIO, and TRINOBANTES, about a mass of rock, throwing dice. INGOMAR is seen asleep under a tree, against the trunk of which lean his sword and shield.

Amb. One throw more, the stake is mine.

Trin. Down—that's what I call luck.

Nov. Now it is my turn.

Amb. What is it worth?

Nov. I have at home a black colt, two years old,
Fleet as the winds; will that do?

Amb. Done! I stake two fat rams against him.

[*While they are gambling.*]

Enter ALEMANNI, L., driving on MYRON, with a load of wood on his shoulder.

Alem. Now, slave, throw down thy wood, and hew it for our evening fire; here's the axe—be quick. [*Exit L.*]

Myr. It seems like a dream; Oh! wretched Myron! Miserable that you are! I—I the slave Of these barbarians! I, but yesterday Massilia's citizen, a happy husband, Fond father, and free man—and now to day—

Nov. Drink, slave, drink!

Amb. [*Throwing.*] 'Tis done; the colt is mine.

Trin. Ten!

Nov. Thunder and lightning!

Myr. [*Aside.*] Alas! not all my goods would be enough To ransom me from slavery! And I am old: If I were young, I would take courage then, And try to escape. Oh! is there no hope for me!

Nov. [*To Myron, shaking his fist.*] Slave, didst hear? mead, mead! I'll tear thy deaf ears from thy skull; mead, slave, mead!

Myr. [*Hastily seizing a pitcher.*] Here is mead!

Amb. Now, again. What is it, Trinobantes?

Trin. My armlet here.

Amb. My belt against it; do you say done?

Trin. Done!

Myr. [*Returns with pitchers.*] Will they not pay My ransom? Oh! ye gods, mock not my trust, But bring me home again! And let me die in my dear daughter's arms?

~~*Ing.* [*Speaking in his sleep.*] After them! quick, quick! Slay them!~~

[*Waking up.*]

So—why! I have been dreaming!—I was wounded— The battle was decided—the day was ours! Then, how they fled! what booty we obtained! How many prisoners! and yet it was a dream! Well—I'll to sleep again.

Trin. Lost! now I've had enough for to-day.

Amb. Once more!

Samo. 'Tis dinner-time.

Amb. Well—come on—'twas mine.

Nov. [*Likewise rising*] No! mine, I say!

Amb. Thou liest!

Nov. [*Seizing him by the throat.*] Dog, dost thou play false?

Amb. [*Swinging his axe over his head.*] Dog! dogs bite!
[*He is about to strike Novio down, but the blow is arrested by the latter and they struggle for the axe.*]

Ing. [*Springing up.*] What now?

Nov. (*Struggling.*) Murderous villain!

Ing. (*Separating them.*) Leave hold.

Nov. Who dares?

Ing. I! Dare you dispute me? Your leader?

Peace, I command you.

Nov. Away!

Amb. (*Flourishing his axe.*) His blood or thine!

Ing. (*Seizing it.*) Back, back—I say.

But one step more, I'll send you to the shades.

[*Driving them away*] Now, go at once;

Climb. Novio, yonder rock; look for Alastor

Take thine axe, and hew us wood—begone!

Amb. (*Muttering.*) Good—the time will come!

Ing. You, Ambivar, prepare our supper: Samo,
Bring in the cattle. Away, all of you.

[*They go off at different sides.*]

Defiance to me—their chief—son of their chief?

Lightnings of heaven! (*To Myron.*) Ah, slave. come here
bring drink.

[*Myron hands him a goblet, from which he drinks.*]

How it refreshes me! [*Throws himself on a rock.*]

Now. slave. kill time for me.

Myr. I?

Ing. What is your name?

Myr. Mine? Myron, sir!

Ing. (*Mocking him.*) Mine—Myron, sir?

Ha! ha! so chirps the linnet's brood in the nest!

And then he looks as sour as though he had swallowed
A sloe-bush! speak—who art thou?

Myr. Alas! alas!

[*Weeps.*]

Ing. By all the gods, what dost thou whine for thus,
Thou silly fool? What ails thee? Thou hast here
Both food and drink in plenty; and at night

Thou retest on soft moss. Once at our home,
We'll make a smithy for thee; there thou shalt work
And hammer as before, and live as merrily——

Myr. And callest thou the loss of liberty nothing?

Ing. What liberty? Poor fool, you make me laugh!
Liberty! and dost thou miss liberty?

That thou didst not possess, man, when we took thee:
Old age already held thee in its yoke;
Youth only is strong, and strength alone is free.

Myr. My freedom's lost!

Ing. Fool! what knowest thou of freedom?
With us is freedom. She lives in the open air;
In woods she dwells; upon the rocks she breathes;
Now here, now there; not caring for to-day—
No, nor providing for to-morrow!
Freedom is hunting, feeding, fighting, danger:
That, that is freedom—that it is which makes
The veins to swell, the breast to heave and glow.
Ay, that is freedom,—that is pleasure—life!
But you, in your dark walls, a den, a prison,
You have life only to be sad.

Myr. I was born in them, sir:—
'Tis there dwell harmony, law, and order;
There a true wife, there, a dear daughter; all
The best things I possess on earth are there.
Oh, my poor wife! my daughter!

Ing. Old fool! What? tears again, tears about women!
Why, thou art thyself a woman. What are they?
Vain, foolish playthings, only born to bear,
And serve; to eat and drink;
'To squat among the cattle, feed the children;
To oil their hair, and look at themselves in brooks.
Women! were I a god,
And had the world to make, I'd make no women!
And thou crying for women!—out of my sight,
Old baby! [Laughing.

Myr. Sir, thou art angry; yet wert thou,
Like me, a wretched slave——

Ing. I? I a slave. When Ingomar shall fall,
Unconquered will he mount among the gods!

(*A horn is heard.*) Hush! silence! yonder is Alastor's
 horn : [*Myron retires up stage.*]
 They're here!

Enter Novio, L.

Ing. (*To Novio*) Is it they? Speak!

Novio. Yes. Yonder come they through the valley :
 Alaster, hastening before the rest,
 Climbs nimbly up the cliff. Look, he is here!

*Enter ALASTOR hastily, from back of stage. Alemanni enter
 from different parts, and gather round him.*

Ing. How now, Alastor, what hast brought? what news?
 what booty?

Alas. None, I come with empty hands.

Ing. Dost thou speak true? The citizens of Avenna
 Send every year their fat herds to the pasture
 Upon the mountains. Met you none of these?

Alas. No, not a single hoof.

Ing. Bad news, indeed.
 So thou bringest?

Alas. Nothing! (*Some laugh, some grumble*) Yet stay—
 one thing I've brought,
 A fanciful pretty thing of a girl.

Nov. What! a woman? Aha, that's good?
 What do we want with women?

Ing. A girl?

Alas. She gave herself up to us We lay in wait
 In the thicket yonder, watching for the cattle,
 When steps rustled in the distance, voices were heard,
 And she came hastily bounding along,
 Heedless of the stony path or burning sun.
 Then rushed we out; the boy who was her guide
 Fled; but she stood there still, and keeping off
 Our out-stretched weapons with her naked hand,
 Cried, 'Hold—I seek ye—are ye Alemanni?'

Ing. Ah, a brave girl!

Nov. And you?

Alas. We laughed. Thou seekest us said we;
 Now thou hast found us, thou art become our booty;
 But she, freeing herself angrily from our grasp,

Cried, 'No, no, not your booty—I am come
To treat for ransom for your slave; and so
Give me safe escort to your chief'

Myr. (*Apart, advancing.*) A ransom for your slave!

Ing. If so, she speaks the truth—she has free escort.

Alas. So, at that word, we liberated her,
To guide her on her way to Ingomar.
She followed us with rapid steps, and if
We turned, she drew herself up thus, and waved
Her hand like this. Ha! ha! You would have thought
She was the chief, and we but her attendants.

Trin. Ah! she has a heart in her body!

Ing. For what slave's ransom come she?

Alas. For Myron's of Massilia.

Ing. For him! the crying baby—the old woman!

Myr. Freed, ransomed, and by her!

(*To Alastor.*) Oh, tell me—say, has she not glossy hair,
Her eyes bright, and her limbs like the young fawn's,
Her voice sweet as the nightingale's? so sweet!
Oh say, sir, is it not my child?

Alas. See for yourself, she is here!

Enter PARTHENIA. L. U. E., surrounded by several Alemanni.

Myr. (*Rushing to meet her.*)

Parthenia, my child! my dear, dear child!

'Tis thou! thine eyes beam on me. Oh ye gods,
Let me not go mad!

Par. (*Embracing him*) My dear father!

Ing. (*Laughing*) There, there—he cries again! Ye
gods of thunder,
The fellow's like a rain cloud!

Alas. A truce to tears and whimpering. Woman,
Thou seekest Ingomar—this is he

Ing. They say thou'rt come to treat for this man's ransom.
What is thy offer?

Par. Jewels of more value
Than all the gold of earth: a faithful wife's
Prayers to her latest breath—a daughter's tears—
A rescued household's deathless gratitude—
The blessing of the gods whose liberal hands
Recompense deeds of mercy, thousand fold

Look—kneeling at your feet, a fainting child
 Implores a gray-haired father's liberty.
 He is infirm, old, valueless to you;
 But, oh, how precious to his widowed home!
 Give him, then up—oh, give him to me.

Ing. Give him!

Amb. Is that the ransom?

Alas. ~~For nothing! has she deceived us?~~

Ing. Silence!

Woman, thy father is booty to our tribe:
 Were he but mine, I'd give him to thee freely,
 If only to be rid of his tears and sighs
 But if thou hast deceived us, and dost dare—

Par. (*Suddenly rising.*) Enough—
 There need no threats. I but misunderstood you,
 Thinking you had human hearts—I'll mend of that,
 And speak now to your interests.

You ask gold for his ransom—he has none;
 But he has strength and skill that yet may earn it,
 With opportunity afforded him.

Here there is none—he cannot pay a drachma.
 Keep him, and slavery, knowing his free heart,
 In a few weeks shall leave you but his bones.

But set him free, my mother and myself
 Will labor with him; we will live on crusts,
 And all the surplus of our daily toil
 Be yours, till the full ransom be accomplished.

Ing. That's not without some sense; but where is our
 surety,

The compact should be kept?

Par. It shall not fail
 For lack of that—I'll leave with you a pledge
 Dearer to him than liberty or life.

Ing. Hast brought it with thee?

Par. Ay.

Ing. Show it.

Par. Myself.

Myr. Child—thou art mad!

Ing. Thyself?

Par. If you but knew
 How precious to him is his child, you'd not

Despise the hostage.

Myr. No—this shall not be !

Ing. We did not ask your counsel ;
It's a strange fancy, and yet—pscha ! no, no,
Burthen us with a woman !

Par. No—no burthen ;
I'll be a help to you ; these willing hands
Shall do more work than twenty pining slaves ;
You do not guess my usefulness ; I spin,
Can weave your garments, and prepare your meals,
Am skilled in music, and can tell brave tales,
And sing sweet songs to lull you to repose.
I am strong, too—healthy both in mind and body ;
And, when my heart's at ease, my natural temper
Is always joyous, happy, gay. Oh, fear not ?

Ing. Troth ! there's some use in that ; thy father can
Only cry.

Par. Say yes—say yes, and set him free !

Myr. (*Distractedly.*) No, she is mad—

Ing. Silence ! Comrades, what think you ? speak !

[*He retires with Trinobantes Myron and Parthenia
are left alone in the front.*]

Myr. Unhappy girl what wouldst thou do ?

Par. My father,
Thou shalt be free.

Myr. Would not our friends,—the Timarch—

Par. All, all were deaf ; and so alone I came
To break thy chains.

Myr. Oh, that I had never lived
To hear these words ! Better to see thee fall
In the bear's den than here to be with these
Whom nature but made human out of scorn.
And thou, my child ! [*Taking her to his bosom.*]
No, no !

Par. Father, it must be so ; my mother grieves—
Oh, dry her tears. I am yet young and strong ;
I could bear easily what would kill thee—
Father, be free, and let me stay !

Myr. Here, where death threatens thee ? ay, worse than
death.
Violence, insult !—never ! sooner this dagger—

Par. (*Snatching it from him.*)

Give it to me, and fear not. I will live
Worthy of thee or die!

Ing. (*Parleying with his troop in back ground.*)

I will it so—the girl shall stay.

Trin. Let us keep both.

Ing. No, that would be dishonest; she has come
Trusting, and shall not be deceived.

[*Advancing to Parthenia.*]

Woman, your wish is granted; we take thee
As hostage for the other, and he is free.

Par. Be thanked, ye gods!

Myr. No, no! I am your slave,
And will remain—let her return.

Ing. Who cares what you desire? Away with thee!

Myr. My child! [*Clinging to her.*]

Par. Go, go my father.

Trin. (*Seizing Myron.*) Quick—away, away!

Par. No, seize him not so roughly—see, he goes—
Willingly goes—away—delay no longer—
Go, go.

Myr. Villains, I will return, for the destruction of you all!

Amb. Strike him dead!

Par. Oh, save him!

Ing. No, send him forth in safety—

'Tis my command.

Tec. Away with him!

Myr. (*Forced along by Alemanni.*) Parthenia, my child,
Farewell! (*Exit L., dragged off by the Alemanni.*)

Par. Farewell!

He is gone, and I shall never see him more!

[*She clasps her hands before her face, and stands sobbing in the foreground.*]

Ing. [*Who has been standing on a rock looking at the proceedings of his followers.*]

No violence! Ho! how he runs! and now

He stops and cries again! Poor fearful fool!

It must be strange to fear: now, by my troth,

I should like to feel, for once, what 'tis to fear!

But the girl; (*Leaning forward.*) Ha! do I see right?
you weep! [*To Parthenia.*]

Is that the happy temper that you boast?

Par. Oh, I shall never see him more.

Ing. What! have we

For a silly old man, got now a foolish

And timid weeping girl? I have had enough

Of tears.

Par. Enough, indeed, since you but mock them!

I will not—no, I'll weep no more.

[She quickly dries her eyes, and retires to the back-ground.]

Ing. That's good; come, that looks well;

She is a brave girl! she rules herself, and if

She keep her word, we have made a good exchange—

'I'll weep no more.' Aha! I like the girl.

And if—Ho! whither goest thou?

[To Parthenia who is going off with two goblets.]

Par. Where should I go? to yonder brook, to cleanse
the cups.

Ing. No! stay and talk with me.

Par. I have duties to perform.

[Going.]

Ing. Stay—I command you, slave!

Par. I am no slave! your hostage, but no slave.

I go to cleanse the cups.

[Exit L.]

Ing. Ho! here's a self-willed thing--here is a spirit!

[Mimicking her.]

'I will not, I am no slave! I have duties to perform!

Take me for hostage!' and she flung back her head

As though she brought with her a ton of gold!

'I'll weep no more.'---Aha! an impudent thing.

She pleases me! I love to be opposed;

I love my horse when he rears, my dogs when they snarl,

The mountain torrent, and the sea, when it flings

Its foam up to the stars; such things as these

Fill me with life and joy. 'Tame indolence

Is living death! the battle of the strong

Alone is life!

[During this speech Parthenia has returned with the cups and a bundle of field flowers. She seats herself on a piece of rock in front.]

Ing. Ah! she is here again. *(He approaches her, and leans over her on the rock.)* What art thou making there?

Par. I? garlands.

Ing. Garlands?

[*Musing.*] It seems to me as I before had seen her
In a dream! How! Ah, my brother!—he who died
A child—yes, that is it. My little Folko—
She has his dark brown hair, his sparkling eye:
Even the voice seems known again to me:
I'll not to sleep—I'll talk to her. [*Returns to her.*
These you call garlands,
And wherefore do you weave them?

Par. For these cups.

Ing. How?

Par. Is it not with you a custom? With us
At home, we love to intertwine with flowers,
Our cups and goblets.

Ing. What use is such a plaything?

Par. Use? They are beautiful; that is their use.
The sight of them makes glad the eye; their scent
Refreshes, cheers. There

[*Fastens the half-finished garland round a cup, and
presents it to him.*] Is not that, now, beautiful?

Ing. Ay—by the bright sun! That dark green mixed up
With the gay flowers! Thou must teach our women
To weave such garlands.

Par. That is soon done: thy wife
Herself shall soon weave wreaths as well as I.

Ing. (*Laughing heartily.*) My wife! my wife! a woman
Dost thou say?

I thank the gods, not I. This is my wife—

[*Pointing to his accoutrements.*

My spear, my shield, my sword; let him who will,
Waste cattle, slaves, or gold, to buy a woman;
Not I—not I!

Par. To buy a woman?—how?

Ing. What is the matter? why dost look so strangely?

Par. How! did I hear aright? bargain for brides
As you would slaves—buy them like cattle?

Ing. Well, I think a woman fit only for a slave.
We follow our own customs, as you yours.
How do you in your city there?

Par. Consult our hearts.

Massilia's free-born daughters are not sold,
But bound by choice with bands as light and sweet
As these I hold. Love only buys us there.

Ing. Marry for love—what! do you love your husbands?

Par. Why marry else?

Ing. Marry for love; that's strange!

I cannot comprehend. I love my horse,
My dogs, my brave companions—but no woman!
What dost thou mean by love—what is it, girl?

Par. What is it? 'Tis of all things the most sweet—
The heaven of life—or, so my mother says,
I never felt it.

Ing. Never?

Par. No, indeed. [*Looking at garland.*]
Now look how beautiful! Here would I weave
Red flowers if I had them.

Ing. Yonder there,
In that thick wood they grow.

Par. How sayest thou?
(*Looking off.*) Oh, what a lovely red! Go, pluck me some.

Ing. (*Starting at the suggestion.*) I go for thee? the
master serve the slave!

[*Gazing on her with increasing interest.*]
And yet, why not? I'll go—the poor child's tired.

Par. Dost thou hesitate?

Ing. No, thou shalt have the flowers,
As fresh and dewy as the bush affords. [*He goes off; R.*]

Par. (*Holding out the wreath.*)
I never yet succeeded half so well.
It will be charming! Charming? and for whom?
Here among savages! no mother here
Looks smiling on it—I am alone, forsaken!
But no, I'll weep no more! No, none shall say I fear!

*Re-enter INGOMAR, with a bunch of flowers, and slowly
advancing towards Parthenia*

Ing. (*Aside.*) The little Folko, when in his play he wanted
Flowers or fruit, would so cry 'Bring them to me;
Quick! I will have them—these I will have or none;'—
Till somehow he compelled me to obey him,
And she, with the same spirit, the same fire—

Yes, there is much of the bright child in her .

Well, she shall be a little brother to me !

There are the flowers. *[He hands her the flowers.]*

Par. Thanks, thanks. Oh, thou hast broken them
Too short off in the stem.

[She throws some of them on the ground.]

Ing. Shall I go and get thee more ?

Par. No, these will do.

Ing. Tell me now about your home—I will sit here,
Near thee.

Par. Not there : thou art crushing all the flowers.

Ing. *(Seating himself at her feet.)*

Well, well ; I will sit here, then. And now tell me,
What is your name !

Par. Parthenia.

Ing. Parthenia !

A pretty name ! and now, Parthenia, tell me
How that which you call love grows in the soul ;
And what love is : 'tis strange, but in that word
There's something seems like yonder ocean—fathomless.

Par. How shall I say ? Love comes, my mother says,
Like flowers in the night—reach me those violets——
It is a flame a single look will kindle,
But not an ocean quench.

Fostered by dreams, excited by each thought,
Love is a star from heaven, that points the way
And leads us to its home—a little spot
In earth's dry desert, where the soul may rest—
A grain of gold in the dull sand of life—

A foretaste of Elysium ; but when,
Weary of this world's woes, the immortal gods
Flew to the skies, with all their richest gifts,
Love stayed behind, self-exiled for man's sake !

Ing. I never yet heard aught so beautiful !
But still I comprehend it not.

Par. Nor I :

For I have never felt it ; yet I know
A song my mother sang, an ancient song,
That plainly speaks of love, at least to me.
How goes it ? stay—

[Slowly, as trying to recollect.]

'What love is, if thou wouldst be taught,
Thy heart must teach alone,—
Two souls with but a single thought,
Two hearts that beat as one.'

'And whence comes love? like morning's light,
It comes without thy call;
And how dies love?—A spirit bright,
Love never dies at all!'

And when—and when——

[*Hesitating. as unable to continue.*]

Ing. Go on.

Par. I know no more.

Ing. (*Impatiently.*) Try—Try.

Par. I cannot now; but at some other time

I may remember.

Ing. (*Somewhat authoritatively*) Now, go on, I say.

Par. (*Springing up in alarm.*) Not now, I want more
roses for my wreath!

Yonder they grow, I will fetch them for myself.

Take care of all my flowers and the wreath!

[*Throws the flowers into Ingomar's lap and runs off.*]

Ing. (*After a pause, without changing his position, speaking to himself in deep abstraction.*)

'Two souls with but a single thought,
Two hearts that beat as one.'

[*The curtain falls.*]

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*As before.*

Enter ALASTOR, AMBIVAR, TRINOBAENTES, SAMO, and other Alemanni, R. and L.

Trin. Well, Alastor, and what says he?

Alas. Oh, the old reply—still, still to-morrow.

Amb Thunder and lightning! thus to linger here! If we

join them not soon, those at home will begin the war against the Allobrogi without us, and deny us all share of the spoil. Why not choose another chief? Ingomar has become a woman: he leaves the chase and our company, to loll on the grass with this Greek girl, hearing her tales and songs. I say, choose another chief—I'll lead you.

Alas. No,—no chief but Ingomar. Let us but get this girl away, and he will be himself again.

Samo. But she is his.

Trin. Not so:—she is ours as much; but what shall we do with her?

Amb. Sell her for a slave to the merchants from Carthage. Now on the far off sea a ship of theirs appears. Let us look out and hail them; then seize the girl, and sell her to them. They will give us arms and armlets for her.

Alas. Silence—he is here; one trial more! away with you.
[*Exeunt all but Alastor, L.*

Enter INGOMAR, slowly, R. U. E.

Ing. Home, home! Ay, to their home, but not to mine, For here appears my home! It seems to me As here I was born, as here my eyes first saw The light, my heart first felt, my soul first thought. Here, here.

Alas. Now, Ingomar, once more we ask of thee, when wilt thou break the camp up, and return? Thou bearest me not.

Ing. Oh, ah! Alastor—yes! thou camest to tell me the fish are all exhausted from the brook; the wild beasts scared from the forests; and there is scarcely food left sufficient for the cattle.

Alas. It is so. Nor is that all: the time approaches when our people at home, to avenge the old insult, have resolved upon an inroad on the Allobrogi; and shall we miss it?

Ing. Miss it! I?—Ingomar? Thunder and lightning shall sooner fail the storm than I the strife! the war! Where are the others?

Alas. Encamped yonder upon the moss, waiting your orders.

Ing. Give them mead so long as the stock lasts, and let them drink.

Alas. What, do we not break up?

Ing. I will consider of it till to-morrow.

Alas. Again to-morrow?

Ing. Yes, to-morrow, I said. Go!

Alas. Changed thou seemest to me in word and nature, and scarcely now I know thee. Well, then, to-morrow.

[*Exit L.*

Ing. (Solus.) Scarce know me! true—I scarcely know myself.

What ails me?—am I ill then? Yes, that is it.

I am bewildered in a feverish dream;

And my thoughts ramble to I know not where.

[*Throws himself on a fragment of rock—after a pause.*

I struck a roe once with my arrow, while

Close by my victim's side, who soaked the turf

Around her with her blood, her young one stood,

Ignorant of its danger; as I drew near

To take up the dead mother on my shoulder,

The fawn sprang to me, and even took its food

Out of my hand, looking up in my face,

With its dark, innocent eyes. 'Tis strange, I ever

Think of those eyes when I behold that girl's,

Now sparkling in their pride, now bright in confidence,

As carelessly she lets her soul appear—

Her childlike soul.

[*Springing up.*

What? She—and she again, and always she

By all the gods, has Ingomar nothing better

To think of than a woman and her looks:

Than a slave's eyes?

[*Clashing of arms and shouts heard without.*

Hark! how amid their revelry

They raise the battle-cry The clang of arms,

And war, and victory for me!—Away

With idle dreams! why, what to me are women?

Yet she—ah! she is not like those at home,

Clad in their shaggy skins, sunburned, their bodies

Loaded with clumsy ornaments, happy in bondage,

With base caresses humbly seeking favor

Of their coarse lords. But she—

[*Shouts and cries again heard.*

That cry again!

In vain! in vain! no echo answers you,

Among the pulses of my heart. I—oh, I am sick !
What ails me ? Yes, I am ill—sick.

[*Throws himself again on the rock.*

Enter PARTHENIA, *with a little basket on her arm.*
She advances without observing Ingomar.

Par. My tender father, my poor mother, now
Think on their child : they fancy me, perhaps,
Tormented, ill-used, dead. But how much better
Has it fared with me than I could have dared
To hope ! These men are wild, indeed, and rough,
But yet not cruel. And for Ingomar,
He is kind and gentle ; yet, at times, how fierce
He looks ! as if he'd kill me. (*Looking around.*) Ah ! he
is here.

Ing. (Rising.) Thou ! from whence comest thou ?

Par. I have been picking berries
In yonder wood ; see, here is a basket full.
Wilt thou——

Ing. No ! no !

Par. 'No, no !' No, thank you, I think
Were quite as easily said as 'no !'—no, thank you—
Dost hear ? Why dost thou gaze upon me thus ?

Ing. Away ! leave me—I would be alone.

Parthenia turns to depart.

No, stay !
Stay with me, Parthenia.
Oh, that thou wert a man !

Par. A man !

Ing. Oh, then would all be right, and happy ? Ay,
Thou shouldst be my companion in the chase,
My brother in arms ; and I would be to thee
Like to thy shadow,—I would watch over thee
Whilst thou wert sleeping—would refresh thee
When thou wert weary. As the sea reflects
The heavens, or as the brook the bright blue flowers
That blow upon its banks, so would my soul
Mirror each thought of thine ! thy smiles were mine ;
Thy griefs, too, mine. Oh ! we would share together
All things in life. [*Slowly to himself.*

'Two souls with but a single thought,
Two hearts that beat as one.'

Par. Why, that is the old song my mother taught me.

Ing. That is the song that burns in my brain—
The lightning that illuminates the clouds !
Didst thou not tell me once, love was a fire
That a look kindles, and that dreams do foster ?
Yes, it is true ; it maddens here ; and high,
High as the heaven, rises its flame.

Par. What, love ?

Ing. Love, thou didst tell me, did thy mother say,
Love was a star to lead us on to heaven.
Come, then, oh come ! its rays glitter before us,
And bright and clear, they light us on our way.

Par. How his eyes sparkle, his cheeks glow ! ye goas

Ing. Let the gods rest in the bosome of the clouds ;
Let them take with them still whatever the world
Possessed of good—love, only love, thou saidst,
They have forgotten,—loving let us be then,
And happy. *[Laying hold of her by the hands.]*

Par. Away !

Ing. (*Passionately.*) Thus, thus I seize thee—Parthenia
thou art mine.

Par. (*Starting back in alarm.*) Ho ! stand off—away !
Another step, and I lie dead before thee.

[Drawing her dagger and pointing it to her breast.]

Ing. Hold, hold ! Why do I pause ? what terror strikes me ?
Am I not Ingomar, and is not she
My slave ?

How angrily her eyes gleam on me ;
I never feared, yet her eyes make me fear !

Par. Oh ! most unhappy ! lost !

Ing. I have frightened thee.
I was too rash. I know, rude is my nature,
And rough my manners ; yet my love—

Par. Thy love !

This is not love ! The love whose mystic dream
Has filled my heart and thought, is not a thing
Of insult, injury, as you now show to me.
It is a feeling all unselfish, gentle ;
One which exalts, ennobles. If a fire,

It is to warm, to cheer, and comfort, not
 To blast and scorch. Away, away! profane not
 She sacred name. This may be violence,
 Passion, but never love! [About to go.

Ing. (Imperiously) Remain, I say!
 Knowest who I am? the chief among my people!
 The reputation of my deeds resounds
 Throughout these mountains, and I am thy master.
 Girl, who art thou?

Par. Who am I? I am Parthenia—
 An armorer's child indeed, but yet a Greek—
 Massilia's free-born daughter, nourished
 On a pure mother's breast, cradled in the arms
 Of beauty and refinement, reared from childhood
 In the holy service of our righteous gods!
 While thou—thou art the rude forest's outlaw son,
 A savage—a barbarian—desolater
 Of the fair land—a cattle-stealer. Know,
 That we at home flog thieves, and hang up robbers!

Ing. Darest thou—

Par. And now thou knowest who I am,
 And who thou art!

Ing. Scorn and derision! scorn
 To me! Now then, by all the gods, I'll teach thee
 How we treat slaves!

Par. You tame them with the whip,
 With hunger, pain, and thirst. But your slaves love not,
 They only hate, despise, as I do thee!

Ing. Be silent, or—

Par. No! for I scorn, deride thee.

Ing. Thy life!

Par. Take it!

Ing. (Rushing at her with his sword drawn and suddenly stopping.) No, no, I cannot; rage
 Inflames my blood—my brain will burst.
 Oh, I could tear the world, myself, in pieces.

[Throws himself violently on the ground.

Par. (After a pause.) How is this? his sword lies at
 my feet, which now
 Gleamed threatening at my heart! and he struck down
 And almost senseless! Was I too harsh with him?

Whence came the sudden rage that filled my breast—
This pride, this arrogance? Do I see aright?
He weeps! Why weepest thou, Ingomar?

Ing. (Springing up.) I weep? 'Tis false—I do not
weep. Despise me! me—
The pride and boast of all my race, the terror
Of mine enemies! by the bright sun!

]After a pause, looking sternly on her.

Depart!

Go, I can do without thee; I can—I can.

Depart—thou art free! dost hear? free as myself;

Go to thy home—away, do not delay!

Thy breath infests me with a feverish heat!

Thy sight is poison!—Go, go, go! *[He rushes out.*

Par.

How? free!

Did he say free? and shall again my mother,

My father, open to me their arms? And yet

Can I leave him in anger? him who made

The yoke of slavery so light to me?

Who now has given me freedom, though in rage?

No, no, I'll wait—he will return, and then

A kind word from my lips perhaps will calm

And soften him. Then with a lightened heart

Shall I return

[She seats herself on a rock, while from behind

Enter SAMO, NOVIO, and AMBIVAR.

Samo. Ah! she is alone; the boat approaches the shore;
now seize her.

[Novio and Ambivar advance and take hold of her.

Par. Ah! ruffians, what would you?

Nov. Away with her to the beach

Par. Villains, unhand me.

Amb. Silence, worm!

Par. Ingomar! help! save me, Ingomar!

[They drag her off.

Ing. (Without.) Who calls there? was it not her voice?

Enter INGOMAR, R.

Ing. Ambivar? A sword—a sword.

[Seizes the sword which he had before let fall on the ground.]

Ah! here villains—hold, hold.

[Rushes after them. After a pause Parthenia rushes on and falls on the bank.]

Par. Saved! saved!

Enter INGOMAR, hurriedly, L.

Ing. (Going up to Parthenia, and taking her hand.)

It is I—I—how white thou art!

Thou tremblest: art thou hurt? Parthenia.

It is my arm supports thee. Did they dare
With their rough hands to seize my lovely flower?

Why dost thou tremble? Oh! they shall repent it:

They shall, like worms, crawl in the dust before thee.

Par. Hark, steps—they come.

Ing. Fear not, for I am with thee.

No power on earth shall harm thee.

Par. Look—they come.

Ing. Let them! like the eagle when its nest is seized,
With god-like strength I feel my arm is braced;
And if Heaven's lightning strike me not, I bid
Defiance to all power man can bring.

*Enter the Alemanni, ALASTOR, NOVIO, and SAMO, L. U. E.
armed with spears, swords, and clubs.*

Ing. Stand off, and speak! What brings you?

Alas. Thou hast wounded Ambivar to the death.

Ing. That did I when he dared to seize upon
This maid, my property.

Alas. She is not thine.

Samo. Give up the woman.

Ing. Sooner my life.

Nov. Seize her.

Ing. Come on.

Par. *(Throwing herself into his arms.)*
They are too many—they will kill thee!

Ing. Away, woman! come on.

Alas. *[Interposing between Ingomar and the Alemanni.]*
Hold—hear me, friends; and hear me, Ingomar.
We chose thee for our leader, and we promised thee

The fifth part of the booty. But thou givest
Thyself to indolent rest, and proudly dost
Appropriate this slave. Thus thou hast broken
The law of right and peace.

Ing. I broke them not. 'Twas he, that other, did.
Who, seizing her, robbed you, as well as me,
And well-deserved his fate. But I am weary
Of holding your proud race in check. Then go :
Choose your own path. I separate myself
From you. But she is mine. The fifth part of the spoil,
My share by right, I give you as her ransom.
Is it agreed ? If not, then let the sword——

Trin. The fifth of the spoil ! said he so, indeed !

Samo. Shall we agree ?

Alas. The fifth part of the booty, didst thou say ?

Ing. I did.

Alas. Then be it so. The slave is thine.
But still, if thou wilt lead our steps towards home,
We will obey thee as truly as before.

Ing. No. I am weary—I will seek new lands,
New customs. Go you hence—I will remain.

Alas. Consider the inroad on the Allobrogi.

Ing. I have considered all enough. Farewell.

Exeunt Allemanni, &c.

They are gone. And now, Parthenia, thou art safe—
Thou art free. How pale thou art, and trembling still.
Here, sit thee down and rest.

Par. Oh, Ingomar,
Be thanked, be blessed !

Ing. Thanked—and for what ?

Par. I know

Thou only didst that which thy generous heart
Compelled thee to ; and yet have I, deserted
By my own people, in the desert found
From thee protection.

[She kisses his hand and bursts into tears.]

And now—now——farewell !

Ing. Farewell ? what sayest thou ?
Wilt thou not go with me ?

Par. Thou hast restored my freedom : I would seek
My home.

Ing. I give thee freedom ? I ? thou dreamest.

Par. What? wilt thou break thy word?

Ing. My word! did I give my word?

Par. Thou didst.

Ing. Go, go, then—go.

Par. (*Going.*) Bless thee?

Ing. Stay, stay, Parthenia. Oh! it seems
That day shall shine no more upon the earth,
The sun's bright beams be quenched in endless night.
Parthenia, wilt thou go? Oh, wilt thou leave me?

Par. My parents wait their child.

Ing. They do; go, go, then!

Yet think of the dark wood, the dizzy cliff,
The dreadful chasms and the roaring floods,
The wolf and bear—and thou to go alone.

Par. I came alone, and can return so, too.

Ing. Thou wilt be lost. Alastor, Novio,
They shall conduct thee. Ho, there!

Par. They! oh, no.

Rather the wolves and bear than those wild ruffians.

Ing. Ah, true, indeed. That were to trust the lamb
To the wolf's keeping. I, I will myself
Conduct thee.

Par. Thou?

Ing. Why dost thou look so fearful?
Thou thinkest me no safer than the rest.
But now I am not what I was. Till now
Never did I know fear, scarce tears—not even when
A child. But thou hast taught me both to-day.
Doubt me no more—believe me, trust me, then;
I call the gods to witness—

Par. Nay, swear not;
Thine eyes speak truer, holier, than oaths:
And if they lie, then all is false indeed;
Conduct me, be my guide—I trust thee.

Ing. Ah!
Thou dost consent? Oh! I will seek thee out
The forest's coolest shade, the softest turf,
Guard thee from every stone, from every brier;
My arm shall thus support—no, not support—
But carry thee.

Par. Dost think I am a child,
That thou wouldst carry me? I do not want

Even thine arm—I care not for fatigue—
Thou shalt not carry me : but——

Ing. What?

Par. The basket.

Ing. The basket?

Par. Yes, the basket with the berries.

Wilt thou not do it?

[Taking up the basket from the ground, and handing it to him]

Ing. Yes, I will—I will.

Par. And I will take thy spear, thy shield, and sword.

[Taking them from the tree against which Ingomar had placed them.]

Ing. No, no, that cannot be.

Par. It shall be so,—

It is my humor. From my childhood up,
You know, I have been accustomed to bright arms ;
I seem to inherit it in my blood,
From my dear father. And now, why delay we ?
Thou hast the basket, I the arms—we'll go.
Dost hear? Why standest thou silent—motionless?

Ing. All seems a dream to me. Come, then, this way—
Down by the rock.

Par. Forward! the guide before.
I will close follow thee—my friend, protector :
On, on.

[Exeunt, L.]

END OF ACT III.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*In the background appears Massilia and a view of the sea. In the front, to the left, a rocky eminence overgrown with bushes, from which a narrow path leads down to the stage*

Enter MYRON, ADRASTUS, and ELPHENOR, L.

Myr. Shame, I say, shame! The wolf will help the wolf, yet yonder town, that boasts its civilization, justice, and law, sees, without stirring a hand, her citizens become a prey to

slavery, and is deaf to her children's cry for help. Shame, I say—shame !

Adr. Full well thou knowest 'tis an old law, first made when the infant colony struggled for existence with the wild natives of the land, that no further than the shadow of her walls reached, would the state protect her citizens ; and thence they seized in the mountains.

Myr. Oh, wise decree ! Oh, father-like protection ! First they refuse a child her parent's ransom ; and when she, following her heart's pious bent, submits her own head to the yoke for mine, then they deny me aid, in men or money, to rescue my poor child from worse than death.—Again I cry shame—shame !

Elp. We are not strangers to your grief, but suffer with you ; and when thy child asked us for help, we paused, only to find a path of deliverance, while she——

Myr. Ah, she ! a woman in heart, a man in courage ! Oh, my poor child—my child !

Adr. Thou knowest Lykon, the fisherman, who brought the news of thy capture, has summoned us for counsel, help, and hope ; and if the men of the coast join with our friends within Massilia, thy child may yet be rescued. See, here comes Lykon ; and with him those who look like friends.

Enter LYKON, surrounded and followed by Women and Fishermen.

Lyk. Where is Myron ? which is he ? which is the brave girl's father ?

Myr. Here, here. And will you help us ? will you save my child ?

Fish. Ay, ay, we'll do our best.

Lyk. Though ourselves natives of the soil, we hate the Alemanni, and respect the Greeks. Besides, it would disgrace Massilia, and Greece itself, should such a pious daughter and brave maid be lost. All that we can we'll give.

Women. Yes, yes—our ornaments, our prayers

Myr. Bless you ! the gods repay you ! But we must not lose a day, as the wild people will soon return further into the mountains, and my child will be dragged to slavery or death.

Lyk. We will disperse through the villages, and rouse the young—ay, and the old—to the rescue. You, Adrastus, to

the right—I to the left. Meanwhile you, Myron, and Elphenor, seek the house of the old Rhesus; he is rich, and has promised aid. Await my coming there. And now, my friends, away, away. [*Exeunt fishermen, women, &c.*]

Myr. My child, my child! shall I again behold thee? did not age stiffen my limbs, I would myself—

Elp. Come, come, let us to the house of the wealthy Rhesus.

]*Exeunt.* L.

PARTHENIA and INGOMAR appear on the cliff; L.

Ing. Here, here, Parthenia, this way—by this path.

Par. No. yonder is the way—down there.

Ing. Hold, hold! that is to danger—see you not? This way—give me thy hand.

[*They descend the path on to the stage.*]

When wilt thou trust me?

Hast thou forgotten yesterday, the moor

Where, following thine own will, the ground gave way

Beneath thy feet, and if I had not then

From off my arm thrown my broad shield, whose face

Upheld thy failing steps—

Par. I should have sunk!

Ing. And I with thee.

Par. I think thou wouldst! Yes, yes,
I was preserved from death, and by thine arms;
Thy shield lies in the morass—and last night, too,
Under the bank, whose turf and moss afforded
But scanty firing, thou didst break thy spear,
And with its fragments make a cheerful blaze,
To warm and comfort me. Oh, thou true guide!

Ing. Then come—this way.

Par. It seems as if that path—

Ing. Again! Why, look, the wood is ended here.
And the mountain grows more level.

Par. Ah! thou art right—the forest spreads behind us:
It seems to me I ought to know this place.
Was it not here that, when I left my home
To seek my father, on my knees I prayed
The gods for courage, strength, and victory?

Ing. Ah! say not so. Far, far from here, I'd have
Thy home.

Par. Yes, here it was.

[*She turns to the background and recognizes Massilia.*

Ah! and behold, there rolls the sea;
And yonder, shining in the purple light,
Appears Artemis' temple. Oh, Massilia!
My home, my home! again I throw myself [Kneeling.
Upon the earth, with thanks, with gratitude.
Immortal gods, who have watched my lonely path,
The work of love is done, and safely back
You bring me home again. Oh, thanks and praise!

Ing. (*Aside.*) Would that I lay beside my shield in the morass.

Par. [*Rising and coming forward, accompanied by Ingomar.*

My father, mother, I shall see them again;
Weeping with joy shall sink into their arms,
And kiss the falling tears from their pale cheeks.
Oh! be saluted by me, my native city!
See how the evening light plays on each column,
Each wall, and tower, like the smile of a god.
Look, Ingomar, is it not glorious?
What ails thee? why art thou now grown sulky
Like a vexed child, when joy lends my soul wings?
Didst thou endure with me the burning sun,
The frost of night, and the rough path, and now
Wilt not rejoice—now that our toil is over?

Ing. I—I rejoice?

In the dark forest, the bleak wilderness,
Alone with thee, the heavens above, around us
Loneliness and deep silence, there—yes, there
Where fear and danger pressed thee to my aid
Did I rejoice; I was thy world. But here,
Where these accursed walls cast their cold shades,
To tear our souls asunder—here——

Par. Ah me!

Yes, I remember—here we part. And yet
Not here—come with me to the city.

Ing. I?

Yonder, with polished Greeks, caged in dark walls?
I, the barbarian, the free man? No, yonder
Thy pathway lies—this to my mountain home.
Oh! would that I had never seen thee, girl!

Enough--farewell!

[*Going.*]

Par. No, stay; thou shalt not go
Without one gift, that in some distant time
May call again my image to thy memory.
Take this.

[*Offers him a dagger.*]

Ing. Thy dagger! is it to remind me
How once my violence armed thine own hand with it
Against thyself?

Par. No: to remind thee how
Two days and nights, alone, through moor, and wood,
And briery thicket, thou didst still protect me,
Guard me, and guide without my needing once
To touch its hilt. Of this let it remind thee.
And so, (*hesitating.*) farewell!

Ing. No, no! I cannot, will not—
Oh, do not leave me; be my own, Parthenia;
Oh, be my wife! I am chief among my people;
Plenty dwells in my tent at home; fear not
That aught of our rough manners shall offend thee;
Follow thy native customs there as freely
As I. Thou shalt be mistress of thyself,
Of all, our queen! Oh, come then—I will build
A home for thee in the shadow of the trees.
Before us, a rich meadow with its herds,
Beside, a stream, around all green and still.
While the soft evening air breathes through the open door,
And melts our hearts to love and happiness:
Say yes—say yes—and come where joy and bliss
Shall ever reign

Par. Ah me!

Ing. Why dost thou droop thine eyes? why art thou
silent?

Thou canst not doubt me—thou thyself didst tell me,
True love was gentle, meek, unselfish, tender.
By yonder heaven, such will I be to thee.
Oh, I will hold thee with as tender bonds
As thine own hands the wreath thou weavest; will see
Each wish told in thine eyes, ere thou hast thought it;
Whatever lives in earth, in sea, in air,
Shall minister to thy desires. Rich shalt thou be,
Honored, and happy. Oh, then, doubt no more!
Be mine—be mine, and speak no more of parting;

Par. Hush---hush this syren song !

Ing. Thou wilt not ?

Par. Listen.

Ing. Oh, thou believest me not---hou hatest me !

Par. No---I respect---honor---

Ing. (*Gloomily.*) But canst not love.

Par. My parents---Think, can I desert their age ?
Forget long years of love and care---resign
The worship of the gods---the quiet customs
Of my own home, to follow, among strangers,
My country's foe ?

Ing. I know it---thou despisest me.

Par. No, by my life ! I held thee for most noble,
Most good ! a bright and glorious star, but shadowed
By a light cloud---a cup of ruby wine,
With the wreath only wanting. Wert thou a Greek ;
Were right, law, order, not unknown to thee ;
Were violence not thy god. the sword thy judge ;
Wert thou not a

Ing. Why pause ? Yes, speak it .

Barbarian ! that am I called---a cattle-stealer--
Yes, I remember well ! 'twas thine own word ;
A desolator---an assassin !

Par. Ingomar !

Ing. I see it all. There is a gulf indeed
Between us, and thou art ashamed of me.
Thou fearest the jeer of thy refined companions :
The polished Greeks would mock at the rough savage.
Thou art right : I should but shame---disgrace thee.
Yes, thou art right ; farewell.

Par. Oh, leave me not in anger.

Ing. In anger ! Oh, Parthenia, couldst thou
But see this heart ! I---I---No more---farewell !

[*Rushes out.*]

Par. Ingomar ! stay, hear me ! He heeds me not ;
He flies up the steep cliff ; he is gone, and I
Shall never see him more ! Why, how is this ?
What sudden change has come upon the world ?
How green, how bright, was all before ? and now
How dim and dark the twilight grows ! How faded
The grass, how dry the leaves ! It seems to me
As if the young spring were about to die. [*Weeps.*]

What! tears? I must not weep; no, no, I must not.
 Rouse thee, Parthenia, thou hast duties. Think,
 Thy home awaits thee—parents, friends, companions.
 Oh, Ingomar! whom shall I find there like to thee?
 Thou good, thou generous one! Lost—lost! [*Weeps.*]

INGOMAR *re-enters, and slowly approaches.*

Ing. Parthenia!

Par. Ah! come back again!

Ing. I am: I cannot, will not leave thee.
 I will go with thee to the city; I—
 I will become a Greek!

Par. How sayest thou?

Ing. Thou dost not despise me, Parthenia—no,
 Thou art not ashamed of me, but only of
 My nation, my rough ways; there's remedy
 For that—It can be mended. Though I am
 No Greek, yet I am a man, for 'tis the soul
 That makes the man and not his outward seeming;
 My shield and spear are left in the morass;
 So will I leave my nation, manners, all,
 To follow thee. In yonder town, for thee
 I will become a Greek. And now I've said it,
 I am strong and well again.

Par. Thou'lt follow me?

Ing. I know I've much to learn, but thou wilt teach me;
 And that will make all easy. When 'tis done,
 Thou'lt love me then! thou wilt—I feel it here—
 Ay, like a sunbeam in my heart it glows;
 It shouts like the loud triumph of a conqueror;
 Like the voice of the high gods, it penetrates
 My soul: thou'lt love me then! thou'lt love me then!

Par. (*Aside.*) If not, oh heaven! whom can I ever love?
 Thou'lt follow me to Massilia. But, unknown.
 Where wilt thou find a host to give thee shelter?

Ing. A host? The first that comes across my path
 I'll ask for salt and fire. What needs there more?
 And see, already two approach, who look [*Looking off, R.*
 Like Greeks. Them will I—

Par. Ah! 'tis he—'tis he—my father! [*Rushes out.*]

Ing. Her father ! the gods smile upon me, then,
And lead him here as my appointed friend.

Re-enter PARTHENIA, with MYRON and ELPHENOR.

Myr. My darling child restored to me ! Oh, let me
Bless the brave man who—— *[Ingomar turns.]*
Ah ! what do I see ?

Elphenor—help ! The Alemanni—fly !

Par. Fear not ; 'twas he himself, 'twas Ingomar,
Who gave thy child her freedom, and who now
Brings her in safety to thine arms again.

Myr. What sayest thou ?—he ? and he came alone ?

Par. He comes a friend, a suppliant to thee ;
And oh ! be kind to him, as he has been
To me. Hear him, my father ; *[Leads Ingomar to him.]*
And now, Elphenor,
My mother—tell me of her.

Myr. (*Aside*) He is really come alone ! Then I suppose
All's safe. (*Hesitatingly to Ingomar.*) I thank thee—thou
art welcome—very !

I did not think to see you again so soon—
You are come about the ransom.

Ing. Bah !

Myr. Do not be angry ; I have not got it yet ;
But a few drachmas, but I'll give you those.

Ing. Old man, your ransom's paid : I bought it, with
Your child's release, at the cost of all I owned ;
I give you both.

Myr. (*Astonished*) You !

Ing. Now I ask your friendship, and come to live with you.

Myr. (*Staggering*) To live with me ! You ! one of the
Alemanni.

Ing. Well, I have been
Your enemy, I own it !—made you my prisoner,
True !—treated you as my slave, agreed !—but yet
I have done you service, too, and come in peace.
Let all be blotted out !—There is my hand—
Accept it, and you'll find me, perhaps, more true
As friend, than enemy. Do you fear to take it ?

Myr. Fear ? n-n-no. Greeks never fear ;—
But you are quite sure you have come alone ?
No : I don't fear you, but the citizens—

If they——

Ing. Tell them that Ingomar comes single
Into the midst of them, to ask a home.
If any bear him malice for past wrongs,
Let them stand forth. Say Ingomar is here,
To answer one and all.

Myr. Merciful powers, he'd challenge the whole city !

Ing. I have little thought for them. But thou, old man,
I'd have thee be my friend—ay, more—my father.
Give me thy hand as to thy son.

[*Myron reluctantly does so.*]

That's well.

Now take me to thy roof, and teach me thy customs ;
Teach me among the Greeks a Greek to be.

Myr. (Alarmedly.) I take thee to my home !

Ing. It shall be sacred
As the temple of a god.

Myr. Thou learn to be a Greek ! and learn from me, too !
I—I—I know I'm bound to you for much,
For many thanks : but a poor man am I ;
And shouldst thou be my guest, thou needs must share
Poverty with us, weariness and care,
Complying with our household customs.

Ing. Poverty !

I have given up my race and home. Then tell me,
Can I be poorer ? Weariness and care !
Can these be where Parthenia dwells ? Out, out,
Old man ! you do but mock me : tell me, rather.
What must I do ?

Myr. (Laughing.) Why, first strip off thy skin.

Ing. My skin ! Oh, this ? (*Looking at the skin thrown
over his shoulder.*) Ha ! ha ! Well, be it so.

Myr. And then thou must cut short thy hair and beard.

Ing. My hair and beard ! That will I never ! they
Are my proud race's mark of free descent,
Growing freely with the free.

[*Turning, and his eyes meeting those of Parthenia.*]

And yet—well, well,
I will cut them off.

Myr. (Aside.) How wondrous tame he grows !

He that was wild as an unbroken horse.
Then I have fields up yonder, on the hills ;

A vineyard also ; work must there be done, too,
With plough and harrow ; and thou——

Ing. What ! guide the plough and harrow !
Root up the earth like ants and moles ! Slaves only
Guide ploughs ; and wilt thou make of me a slave ?
By the loud thunder——

Myr. Be calm, calm. Remember, 'twas thyself
Did wish to be a Greek, and we are poor.
We all must work—not I alone : my wife ;
Parthenia, too——

Ing. Parthenia, didst thou say ?
Parthenia labor ?

Myr. Ay, why not ? She, too, must——

Ing. She ? Parthenia ? No, that shall she never !
I'll work for her at any toil you will ;
The plough, the harrow, anything. What more ?

Myr. And then, too, thou must help me at my forge,
And learn how to make arms.

Ing. Ay, by my life,
That will I joyfully ! that must be glorious !
That's spending strength on strength ; the hammer thrashing
The shrieking steel, that writhes to every blow !
Ay, that is brave, that's noble ! By my life,
Making good swords must almost be as pleasant
As wielding them.

Myr. Stay—stay ! thou must not wield them :
We are a quiet people, and love peace
And therefore thou must give up thy sword.

Ing. My sword !

Myr. It is forbidden, under heavy penalties,
For strangers to go armed into Massilia.
I will take care of it for thee. Give it to me.

Ing. My father's sword ! that which has given me
Defense and victory ! Give me up my sword !
Thou art playing with my softness, to insult me.

Myr. (*Timidly*) Parthenia.

Ing. Give thee this sword ? sooner my blood—my life !
My sword's myself—the sword and man are one.
Bid any come and take it, if he dare. [*Drawing it.*]

Par. (*Approaches, smiling.*) Ingomar, thou wilt give
thy sword to me.

Dost thou remember how I carried it

From the mountain? You will trust me with it now.

[*He lets her gently disengage it from his hand.*

Father, haste on, before. I long to embrace

My mother. Go, prepare her—we will follow thee.

Myr. Wonderful! Elphenor, go thank the fishermen,
And tell them all Give up his sword! oh, marvel!

[*Exit, R.*

Par. [*Following Myron, but turning to* *Ingomar.*
Why dost thou linger, Ingomar?

Ing. (*Confused.*) Who's he?

Who spoke of Ingomar? dost thou mean me?

Am I, then, Ingomar? My senses whirl;

Beneath my feet the solid earth seems falling.

I am a child—a fool—I will not! Stay!

Give me my sword again!

Par. (*Smiling and beckoning.*) Come, Ingomar!

[*Exit R.*

Ing. (*After a struggle.*) Parthenia! [*Rushes out, R.*

END OF ACT IV.

ACT V.

SCENE.—*Same as in Act I.*

Enter ELPHENOR, *from Myron's house, L.*

Elp. (*Calling*) Come, what delays thee, Myron? the, wait for thee.

Myr. (*Appearing on the steps in the act of arranging his dress.*) I will be ready in an instant. I but take off my sooty, working coat, fit to appear before the council. Actea, quick—my girdle, and my cloak.

Enter ACTEA, *followed by* POLYDOR, *L.*

Act. (*Coming forward with Myron's girdle in her hand.*) What can they want with you at the council?

Pol. (*Aside, remaining in background.*) Want Myron at the council! I'll stay and listen; I may gain some profit out of it.

Myr. What do they want me for? No doubt, an order for a large supply of arms. They find that none can make so well as Myron, especially now Ingomar assists me.

Elp. Quick—see, another messenger.

Enter NEOCLES, L.

Neo. Myron, the Timarch is impatient; all is confusion at the council.

Myr. Confusion? What is it then?

Neo. The gates are closed, the guards are doubled

Act What is the matter?

Neo. How, have you not heard? We are surrounded by the Alemanni; the hills about the city swarm with them; and loudly at the council they call for Myron.

Act. Ye gods, 'tis as I feared, then; I said he was a spy, a traitor.

Pol. (*Chuckling.*) Aha! I taught her that!

Myr. A traitor saidst thou, who?

Act. 'Twas not for nothing that the flames cackled when he entered our house, and that the raven croaked; they warned us, yet in vain.

Neo. Whom do you mean? Who is a spy, a traitor?

Enter PARTHENIA, *from house.*

Act. Who? who but Ingomar?

Par. Who dares call Ingomar a spy?

Act. I, thy mother.

Myr. Hold your tongue, you are a fool.

Act. Polydor says it, too.

Myr. Polydor is another fool, then.

Pol. (*Behind.*) Is he, indeed? I'll make you treat him, though, with more respect ere long!

Myr. It is the weak alone are traitors, and Ingomar is a very Hercules; any one who saw him at the plough, the anvil, or the games, would need no more to swear him a true man. Why, my earnings are trebled since Ingomar worked with me. (*Taking the girdle from Actea, and completing his toilet by putting it on.*) There—now I am ready, be not alarmed. No doubt, the council summon me for my opinion. I know the Alemanni—I have been among them, and I fear them not—I've proved that. Come, come.

[*Exit, followed by Neocles, L.*

Act. The foe at our gates ! he summoned to the council. If they should, instead of asking his opinion, bring him for his folly to a reckoning, perhaps to punishment ?

Par. Fear not, mother : the fathers knew of Ingomar and gave permission to receive him.

Act. He has brought mischief on our house.

Par. Mother, he brought thy child in safety back there.

Act. Well, well : and so he did. But Polydor says truly——

Par. Mother, mother, why will you give your ear to that malicious wretch ?

Pol. (*Still behind.*) That's me !

Par. Why suffer him to turn your heart against the noblest——

Act. Bah ! I tell you, Polydor——

Par. I will not hear his name ! Why will he still pursue me ? why you still urge for him ? I tell you, mother, were beggary and death set for my choice, I would embrace them sooner than that detested man !

Pol. (*Still behind.*) You would ? you shall, then ! I'll bring down that proud spirit, though it should cost me half my means.

Act. But, child, he threatens us——

Par. He threatens ! the cold dastard—let him ! I spurn his threats as I do him.

Pol. I'll hear no more : I'll go at once and do it, cost me what it may !

Par. He dares to threaten !

Pol. (*Shaking his fist.*) Tremble ! *[Exit, L.*

Act. Hush ! if he should hear you. I'm sure I don't know why you hate him so. At least, he never drew his sword on you as Ingomar once did ; he never took your father for a slave, as Ingomar——O, how I hated him as soon as I set my eyes upon him. His very look, and that long hair, and his rough and wiry beard. Ugh ! he made my heart sick !

Par. Yet he now wears both short, and like a Greek

Act. The very children in the street called after him—Faun and Satyr.

Par. But thou knowest he goes now, clad like others.

Act. Ay ! Greek may be his coat and mantle ; but his bearing, walk, and voice—the fixed disdain in his mien, and look, and speech, these all are the barbarian's still, and will remain so. Even his forest nature clings to him.

Par. Why should it not, when freedom, courage, and strength, like his own forests, animate his soul?

Act. The rough strength of a bear! Did not he yesterday at the games, throw his adversary right out of the circle; did he not fling the quoit so far, he nearly struck the Timarch.

Par. Did he not, too, destroy the wolf that had so long ravaged our fields? and in the harbor, when Lysippus' boat struggled with the storm, who sprang into the boiling waves and dragged him safe to shore, but Ingomar? and who but he relieves from the forge and the plough my gray-haired father?

Act. Well, well, perhaps he does. He may have some good in him; but he pays no respect to me: and I say again he is a spy, a traitor, and so I'll tell him to his face. Where is he? (*Calls.*) Ingomar!

Par. Stay, mother, stay! what would you do? Respect, at least, the rights of a guest.

Act. [*Calling again.*] What, Ingomar, I say! Yes, thou shalt see how he will shrink and tremble, when I tell him that I know him,—Ingomar!

Par. Mother! how little dost thou know of that pure soul, that noble heart.

Enter INGOMAR, *from back of stage, dressed in the costume of a Greek peasant.*

Ing. Who called me?

Act. So thou art come at last. Thrice must I call?

Ing. I was preparing for the evening sports, and singing.

Act. Singing! Yes, for joy to meet our friends again.

Ing. What friends?

Act. Oh, you don't know, not you, that the Alemanni surround the city.

Ing. Indeed! They come this way, then, in their incursions on the Allobrogi?

Act. The Allobrogi! oh, how innocent! But be their road, sir, where it may, there are some people think, hint—ay, and maintain, their way and yours are one.

Ing. Their way and mine!

Act. Ay; who even say that you have introduced yourself here, only to open doors and gates to them.

Ing. [*Excited.*] I—who says that?

Act. I say so, to thy face—that thou art a spy, a traitor—that thou art—

Ing. [*Rushes up to her.*] Woman ! [*Then checks himself.*]
But no, no, no, thou art Parthenia's mother—I will not
answer thee. [*Abruptly walks into the house.*]

Act. Look, he derides my anger. He does not think it
worth his trouble to justify himself to me ! he dares——

Par. [*Goes up to the house and calls.*] Ingomar !

Act. Why do you call him ? Shall he again affront me ?

Par. No, he shall answer.

Act. I will have no answer—you'll drive me mad, among
you ! There is thy father—danger perhaps threatens his
very life ; I'll follow him to the council ; thou mayest stay
and ask for answers from this proud barbarian, and thou
mayst trust him, too ; but, for me, I know him ! and me he
never shall deceive. [*Exit, L.*]

Par. [*Walks restlessly up and down*]

She is wrong.

Very wrong, and he bears all the blame.

Poor Ingomar !

[*Turns and sees Ingomar slowly descending the steps.*
—she beckons him.

Come here. Dost think

Thou hast treated with respect my mother, Myron's wife,

To turn thy back on her, and walk away

Without an answer ?

Ing. Didst thou not bid me, when thy mother might,

As age will do, find fault without a cause,

I should be silent then, and go away ?

She did find fault with me without a cause,

So I said nothing, and I went away.

Par. But couldst thou not look gentle and speak thus——

'No, thou art wrong,—I am no spy, no traitor.'

But thou instead, must fly into a rage,

And leave me to bear all the pain.

Ing. I am sorry.

Par. I cannot make you heed my words, and never——

Ing. Not heed thy words ! I think of nothing else,

Laboring or resting, at the plough, the anvil,

In very sleep, still I repeat your lessons,

But all in vain ! Oh, I shall never learn ;

And thou wilt never love me !

Par. Nay, thou hast

Learned much already, and——

Ing. Oh, my wild woods,
My mountain home! There the heart speaks its will,
And the free act is open as the thought.
'Tis thus I have grown up—I cannot change it.
What moves me,—love or hate, pleasure or pain,—
Breaks from my lips, shows in my looks, and sparkles
From out my eyes; I must be what I am,
I can be nothing else!

Par. Nor shalt thou be!
I would not have thee other than thou art—
Honest, and pure, and true.
Yet even the candor of a noble soul
Requires restriction. See, thou hast learned much;
Thou honorest law and order—thou hast left
The bloody service of thy mountain gods,
For the pure worship of my people. See,
Thou art a Greek already in thy heart;
Yet be more gentle, more—but that will come.
The sculptor, who, from out of the rough stone,
Would call the image of a god to life,
First learns to smooth the coarse unpolished shell
That shrouds it.

Ing. And then, after I've learned,
When I am more what thou desirest, Parthenia,
Wilt thou then —

Par. (*Laughing.*) Stop, thou hast not learned it yet,
And wilt not soon.

Ing. Ah, thus it ever is!
In place of paying the poor scholar's zeal,
Thou dost withdraw the goal still further from me.
Thou art altered, too—thou once didst seek, encourage me,
Didst tell me tales and sing me songs; but now
Thou art distant, cold. Well, well, I will not weary thee,
Content if I can gaze into thine eyes,
And——

Myr. (*Without.*) Parthenia—Parthenia!

Par. Hark! my father.

Enter MYRON, L., followed by ACTEA.

Myr. Parthenia! Ay--and Ingomar, where is he?

Ing. Here.

Act. Now, what is it? Will you never tell me?

Myr. Stop—give me air, let me breathe first,—what do you think?

Know! they are coming, they will be here directly.

Act. Who—the enemy?

Myr. His grace the Timarch!

Act. Ah! I said so—I said

That Ingomar would bring us no good luck.

Myr. Then you talked nonsense, as you always do.

He brings us glory, consideration, honor!

But here they are. Now, Ingomar, dear friend,

Be ready—I go to greet him.

Act. Consideration! honor! how my heart beats!

Like a forge hammer.

Enter the Timarch, accompanied by attendants: Myron receives him with low bows.

Tim. Enough, enough—Myron, where is thy guest, Thy pupil?

Myr. Here, illustrious sir—

Will you step into the house?

Tim. No, call him hither.

[Myron beckons Ingomar forward, and he advances toward the Timarch.]

So, friend, thy name is Ingomar.

Ing. Ay—as thou sayest.

Myr. *[Aside, to Ingomar.]* Say, ‘your grace.’ Dost thou understand—‘your grace.’

Tim. I hear thou wouldst become a Greek,

Be naturalized—Massilia’s citizen.

Ing. Such is my wish.

Tim. Massilia grants thy wish—

A house within her walls shall be assigned thee;

Added to which, three hydes of land, with the freedom

And the full privileges of a citizen.

Ing. To me—this, this to me!

Par. Ye gods!

Myr. Dost hear, wife?

Tim. Nay, more;—thou lovest this maid: thirty ounces of silver

Shall her dower be—she shall be thine, thy wife.

Ing. Parthenia!

Tim. So thou prove only that Massilia’s welfare

Lies at thy heart, all these shall then be thine.
Say, in return what wilt thou do?

Ing. What do!

What will I not do? I will lift the world
From off its solid centre, drink the ocean,
Tear down the stars from heaven! I am but mad—
Yet all that is possible—ay, or impossible,
I'll do for bliss like this.

Tim. Thou hast heard the Alemanni now
Surround the city—they come against us to——

Ing. No, no, you err. Against the Allobrogi
This expedition moves, not against you—
Not you.

Tim. Be as it may, we hold them dangerous—
Massilia would extirpate them.

[*Draws Ingomar a little aside.*

Thou knowest them:

Thou shalt go to their camp, as though thou camest
To seek thy friends and hear the news of home;
So shalt thou well observe their mode of war,
The approaches of their camp, their watchword, and
The arrangement of their guard. Return in the evening,
And then by night conduct Massilia's soldiers,
And lead them on to conquest.

Ing. (*Furiously.*) Ah!

[*Parthenia checks him.*

Tim. What sayest thou?

Ing. Ensnare,

Betray my countrymen!—deceive the men
Who trust me—murder them in their sleep—
The men who speak my tongue, who were my brothers?

Tim. Think of the reward—Parthenia, honor, riches.

Ing. Take all thy offers back! take even her,
For she is all to me! my heart, my soul,
My life! Yet take her, too: for, had I her,
And all the happiness the earth could give,
It were despair, shame, misery, and death,
To purchase her by baseness such as this.

Tim. Dost thou not wish to be a Greek?

Ing. I did,

For then I did not know that Greeks were traitors.
I said farewell to mine own kin and nation—
I gave up all to make my home with you,—

And had you called on me to fight for you
 On the open field of war, I would have stood
 Faithfully by you to the death ; but (*with contempt.*) Grecian
 Weapons are treachery, cunning, cowardice,—
 In these I am unpractised. Go, go, go !
 We do not understand each other—you are civilized,
 Refined, and I but a barbarian ! Go !

Tim. Restrain thy bold tongue—one hour for decision
 We give thee yet. Refuse, and thy false breath,
 No longer shall contaminate our city.
 Choose, then ! And thou, Myron, if afterward
 Thou dost befriend or shelter him, thy life
 Shall answer for it ! Back to the council.

[*Exeunt Timarch with suite.*]

Act. Now, who was right ? Where is the honor,
 The consideration, that this Ingomar
 Was to have brought ? He brings thy head in danger.

Myr. No, not, not my head ;
 I will have nothing more to do with him.
 Away, depart,—I shut my door against thee ;
 I am Massilia's true citizen.
 Go into the house, Parthenia.

Ing. Myron.

Myr. Go, go in, wife—in, girl.

[*Actea and Parthenia go into the house.*]

Ing. One word.

Myr. Not one ! You see the danger you have brought me.
 I owe thee thanks ; and, had I two heads, willingly
 Would I loose one for thee. But I have but one ;
 And therefore, go, go, go. (*In a loud voice.*) I am a true
 man,
 And a good citizen—and so, farewell !

[*Exit into house, shutting the door.*]

Ing. 'Tis past, then ! All is over, all is lost.
 Never will she be mine Never again
 Shall I behold her face, or hear her voice.
 She is lost ! Why, then, delay ? Away, away ;
 And let them close their coward gates upon me.
 I'll die, or break a passage through their spears. [*Going.*]

*Enter PARTHENIA, who, during his last words comes out of the
 house, and approaches unperceived.*

Par. Ingomar! wilt thou go?

Ing. Dost doubt it?

Par. Whither?

Ing. Ask me not whither;

There are on earth only two paths for me,
One to heaven, where thou art—and where
Thou art not, all is there a barren desert—
That path is mine. Son of the wilderness,
I bend my steps again towards my mother;
She gave me truth for my inheritance,
And I will keep it, though my heart should burst.

Par. And thou wilt go?

Ing. Wouldst thou desire my stay,
To be dishonored? Yet thine image still
Shall never leave me—thou, Parthenia—
Farewell.

Par. Not yet—not yet.

Ing. Quick death is easy,—
He who dies slowly dies a thousand times.
(*Then abruptly.*) Farewell.

Par. Thy sword—thou hast forgot thy sword;
On entering here thou gavest it to my father.

Ing. I want it not. Hope took it from my hand;
And now—now——

Par. Yet 'tis here. Look, I return it,
Bright as when first thou gavest it up. [*He goes to take it.*
Not so:

But I will bear it for thee.

Ing. Thou, Parthenia!

Par. I carried with it once thy spear and shield,
Then why not thy sword?

Ing. Oh, then——But let that pass—let us part here.

Par. No, Ingomar; I will bear thy sword for thee.

Ing. Where? to the market?

Par. No, further—to the gate:

Still further—to the sea—beyond the sea—
Over the mountains—over valleys, floods—
To east and west. Wherever thy path leads,
Wherever thou dost bend thy wandering steps,
So long as my heart beats, as my pulse throbs,
So long I will go with thee!

Ing. Thou, Parthenia,
Wilt——

Par. Ay, will follow thee wherever thou goest.

[Drops the sword and embraces him.]

Thy way shall be my way—thy fate be mine.
Where thou dost build thy house, there, too, shall be
My home ; the language that sounds on thy lips,
That will I speak ; what pleases thee shall be
My joy ; and what afflicts thee, that will I
Suffer, too, with thee. Thine am I, and nothing
Shall part us more !

Ing. Do I dream ? Thou liest on
My breast,—thou lovest me !—thou, Massilia's child,
And I the stranger, the barbarian !

Par. Oh, speak that word no more ; for what are we,
Compared to thee, thou good, thou noble one !
How they stood shamed before thee ! the proud Greeks :
Before thee ! who camest here to learn our laws,
But who has taught to them that holy law
Of truth and honor, which the gods themselves
Impressed upon thy heart !
How great, how glorious thou stoodest before me,
When thou for duty gavest up more than life—
The hope of life ! And, oh, how shamed I feel
That I presumed to teach thee ! Pardon me !
Forgive me.

Ing. Parthenia mine ! mine !

Par. Long have I been thine ;
Ay, since the day when thou didst learn to weep and fear.
When from thy hand dropped the uplifted sword,
Which threatened at my life. Yes, since that day
I loved thee ; and if in shame I tried to hide it from thee,
I only loved thee more. And did I once
With foolish tyranny lay on the trials,
And with a vain superiority presume
Upon thy noble nature ? let me pay
The penalty of my pride, while thus in love
And humbleness. as wife, as servant, slave,
I sink down in the dust before thy feet.

[She is about to kneel, when Ingomar checks her, and takes her to his bosom.]

Ing. Before my feet ! my slave ! No, as two stems

With one root let us be,—springing, twined upwards
Towards the vault of heaven; we will be—

‘Two souls with but a single thought,
Two hearts that beat as one.’

Enter MYRON and ACTEA, from house.

Myr. Ah! what do I see? Degenerate girl,
Into the house with thee!

Par. Not without Ingomar.

Myr. Have you not heard the penalty?
Begone! [*To Ingomar.*

Ing. Not without her. She is mine, and mine for ever.

Enter POLYDOR, with two Greeks, L.

Pol. Indeed—perhaps, then, you will pay these bonds?
Two hundred drachmas, or to speak more closely,
Two hundred and thirteen.

Ing. What means this man?
Good friend, I owe thee nought.

Pol. No, I confess
I have no claim on you—but Myron, there,
And he shall pay me every drachma, too.
Ah! ha!

Myr. Sir! I owe you nothing.

Pol. Two hundred and thirteen drachmas every one to me.

Myr. I am indeed in debt some such amount
To various citizens, but —

Pol. All to me!

Aha! I have bought up all your debts, and I am now
Your only creditor; and I'll be paid, too!
Pay me, this hour.

Myr. I cannot.

Pol. Then I seize you
Here for my slave—your wife, your daughter, too;
All for my slaves—aha! Now you may mock
And gibe at Polydor! You, and this woman,
I'll sell for rubbish, but this pretty pert one
I'll keep—— [*Ingomar springs on him and seizes him.*

Ing. Dog! hound! down to her feet and ask for mercy!

Pol. Help—citizens!

Par. Hold, Ingomar! It is too true, it is the law.

Ing. Law ! to make you his slave !

Par. Alas ! such is his right—harm him not, then.

Ing. She bids me spare thee, or I had, ere this,
Crushed thee beneath my heel ; what dost thou want ?

Pol. Two hundred and thirteen drachmas—I'll not bate one.

Ing. But, man, they have it not.

Pol. They have themselves.

I'll take themselves—I will not lose my money.

Act. Parthenia shall wed thee.

Pol. I'll not have her.

Aha ! I'll have my money or my slaves—

So, come.

Ing. Hold— stay ! thou art fixed to have this ?

Pol. Ay,

Either in gold or flesh,

Ing. Will nothing move thee ?

Pol. My money or my slaves.

Ing. Wait——

Pol. Not one moment.

Come, slaves !

Ing. Stay—you are fixed to have the worth
Of your two hundred drachmas ?

Pol. And thirteen !

I'll not abate a piece.

Ing. Well, I will promise thee
A slave worth more than all your money.

Pol. Where ?

Ing. Here !

Pol. Who ?

Ing. Myself.

Par. Oh, no, no—heed him not—he's mad !

Ing. Wert thou mad when thou didst give up thyself
A pledge for what thou lovedst ? Think on them.

[*Pointing to her parents.*]

Come, hasten, take thy slave !

Pol. Take thee ! a firebrand into my house !

Ing. Beware ! lay but a finger

On her or what she loves, and thou shalt know

What 'tis to live with Ingomar, thy foe.

In vain Massilia's legions shall surround thee—

In the market, amidst thy traffie, in thy home,

Thy bed, in the dark midnight, there shall still
 Ingomar's eye glare on thee : thou shalt find
 Thyself with Ingomar alone !

Pol. Help ! mercy !

I will consent—I—(*Aside*) Oh, the whip, the chain
 Shall make him pay for this !

Ing. Give me those papers. [*Snatching them.*]

Now, Myron, thou art free ! All, all are free

Par. Oh, misery !

[*Throwing herself into the arms of Ingomar.*]

Ing. And now, old man, although unwillingly
 Thou hast kept thy word, yet will I freely mine.
 I will work for thee, truly, diligently,
 And, weep not—cling not to me thus, Parthenia ;—
 Of all the joys with which thou hast cheered my soul,
 This is the purest, holiest. The slavery
 That gives thee freedom, brings along with it
 So rich a treasure of consoling joy,
 Liberty shall be poor and worthless by its side.

Pol. I'll put thee to the proof—come, slave ! Ah, help !
 What do I see ? the enemy ! the barbarians ! [*Shouts from R.*]
 Treachery ! the city's taken ! Oh, my gold !

Ing. (*Looking off, R.*) Peace, fool ! do you not see they
 bear green boughs ?

They come in peace—they are ambassadors.

*Enter Timarch with attendants ; with him ALASTOR, NOVIO,
 and several of the Alemanni bearing green boughs.*

Tim. Behold the man you seek !

Alas. Ingomar !

[*Ingomar rushes to them and greets them.*]

Ing. Novio ! why come you here ?

Alas. We heard a rumor

One of our people was a prisoner
 Within these walls ; and paused, upon our way
 Against the Allobrogi, to ask its truth.

Tim. He is free as yourselves.

Alas. Silence, and let him speak. Ingomar, speak !

If thou, the pride and glory of our race,
 Art here under restraint, though but the lightest,
 We have a force without shall quickly level
 These vile walls with the dust, and bear thee off

In triumph from them. Say, then, art thou free?

Ing. (*Calmly.*) No.

Tim. No!

Alas. What art thou, then?

Ing. (*With a smile.*) A slave.

Alas. Pass round the sword without!—to the attack!—
Down with the walls!

Ing. Hold! and let no man stir.

How! think you Ingomar would live a slave

But by his own submission?

Alas. Where's the chief, then,

The mighty warrior who has vanquished thee?

I burn to look on him.

Ing. [*Pointing to Polydor, who has crept into a corner.*
Behold him, there!

Alas. Ah, he! [*Flourishes his axe, standing over him.*

Pol. Help! mercy! help!

Tim. [*Who has been talking with Myron, advances.*

Oh! noble, matchless man,

Take back thy liberty—my word confers it.

Ing. Not so—

My honor pledged me yonder creature's slave

For a condition: he has granted that:

My faith is pledged, and must be kept: who would

That Ingomar were free, must pay his ransom.

Tim. That be my privilege. (*To his attendants.*) Dis-
charge this ransom.

Be justice done—but not imperfectly—

More justice rests behind. When he is paid.

See he collects his wealth, all that he owns;

Then drive him forth beyond the city walls—

Massilia's shame and scorn.

Pol. Mercy, great Timarch!

The barbarians are without—they'll plunder me!

Tim. See thou to that—away with him!

Noble Ingomar, [*Polydor is driven out.*

If such as thou the Alemanni breed,

They must be made Massilia's friends, allies,

At any honorable price.

A few hours back we offered thee a house,

Lands, and this maid for wife.

Alas. The Greek girl ! then
He is lost to us. Farewell—peace to Massilia !

Tim. We must have more than peace—fellowship, friendship.
Let us be brothers—land shall be assigned you
To found a city near us, of which city
We name thee, Ingomar, the Timarch.

[*They shout 'Peace!' 'Massilia!' and 'Ingomar!'*

Myr. There, wife ! dost hear ? our son-in-law a Timarch !
Who is right now ? How, Ingomar, not a word ?

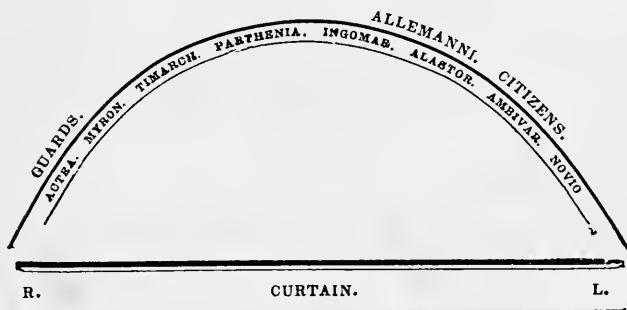
Ing. Oh, hush ! my swelling heart has only room
For one thought, for one word—Parthenia, mine,
For ever mine ! (*Embracing her.*) To love I owe this bliss.

Par. To love and honor.

Ing. Ah ! now, indeed, for ever we are joined—

‘Two souls with but a single thought,
Two hearts that beat as one.’

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